The Outlook

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Colonel Greeley Protests

AS soon as Mr. William C. Gregg's article "Has the Forest Service 'Gone Daffy'?" was off the press we sent an advance copy to Colonel Greeley, offering him the columns of The Outlook for a reply. We have received in answer the following telegram:

Washington, D. C.

Mr. Gregg's article not only attacks and misrepresents alleged policy of Forest Service as to National Forest recreation and expenditures, but also impugns sincerity, competence, and integrity of Forest Service in fire protection, timber management, and reforestation. All our records, expenditures, and activities are open to public inspection. Your publication of this article with editorial emphasis and without any preliminary investigation or verification of its serious charges is a very grave injury to this organization. Complying with your letter of February 7, a statement will be transmitted on February 13. As measure of elemental fairness this should be published in earliest possible issue. I would also welcome investigation of Gregg allegations by a representative of your staff with view to publication of an unbiased statement. Forest Service has always stood for Roosevelt policies of conservation and public interest. Your editorial assertion that the whole purpose of the Forest Service has undergone a drastic change is entirely untrue. I believe that you should sift these matters to the bottom and publish your own findings.

W. B. GREELEY.

We had not the slightest intention, nor had Mr. Gregg, of reflecting upon the integrity of any one in the Forest Service, and we do not see that the article does so.

Publication of criticisms of the public policy of the Government or any branch of it we regard as a function of the press, and as legitimately exercised if the criticism is based on first-hand knowledge, is from a responsible source, and is designed to promote the public interest. In this case we were convinced on all these points before printing the article. The criticism of the Forest Service was based on the printed report of the Chief Forester and on the personal acquaintance of the author with conditions. The author, Mr. Gregg, personally known to us, has been a frequent correspondent of The Outlook both in this country and abroad, and has for a number of years been a trustee of the National Parks Association and the American Civic Association, and has had many years' experience as a lumberman. His article was not published without being submitted first to persons competent to pass judgment upon the statements made in it.

P. & A. Photos

Brigadier-General William Mitchell, zealot of the Air Service

We have not expressed our editorial judgment on the subjects in this controversy, and will withhold it until we receive Colonel Greeley's reply. We have communicated with several authorities on forestry, and shall be guided in our judgment by what they tell us. The article from the Forest Service will be published in The Outlook in the first available issue to go to press after the receipt of the manuscript.

The Bone of Contention

ARE capital ships obsolete? That, stripped of all qualifying clauses and subsidiary considerations, is the question over which the most sensational row of many years was precipitated—and continues to rage—in Army and Navy circles. The Secretaries of the two Departments, officers all down the line, Congressional committees, and, in fact, the whole machine of National defense is involved.

Smoldering for months, the fire broke out when Brigadier-General William Mitchell, Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, appeared before the House Military Committee to testify in favor of the Curry Bill for a unified Air Service—an Air Service not subordinate to Army and Navy, but co-ordinate with those two branches. He asserted the beliefs that the Air Service is far and away the most important arm of National defense and that it cannot properly develop under Army and Navy control. He declared that the amount of money now available for aviation is sufficient if intelligently and economically administered. He believes that no capital ship can stay afloat under aerial attack, and that the Navy, in tests, has not given aerial bombs a fair chance.

General William Mitchell has done incalculable harm to civil, and military, and naval aviation. His extreme and at times apparently reckless statements are bound to discredit to some extent all who advocate Governmental encouragement of aviation.

Not the least deplorable of his statements are those which reflect upon fellow-officers in the Army and Navy. In attributing to others intent to deceive he casts suspicion upon the credibility of what he himself says. Progress in aviation, fortunately, does not depend upon the heeding of such claims for it as General Mitchell makes.

Such statements as these from his

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testimony show how incautious a man can be when he has become a zealot for a cause:

> The organization that we have in this country now ties aviation to older existing agencies, which it promises either to completely supplant or put entirely out of business. The result is that all the organization that we have in this country really now is for the protection of vested interests against aviation.
>
> It is a waste of time to train a man to dig a hole in the ground to get away from hostile shell fire when he is in an air force and must fight twenty thousand feet up in the air. That is about all we have been doing.
>
> Air power must be employed as a major force.
>
> The battleship is fading away as a sea power; it will be a liability instead of an asset.

A participant in the bombing tests off the Virginia Capes, General Mitchell was free in his opinions as to the defenselessness under apparently any circumstances of battleships against aircraft. The very idea that aircraft could do away with armies and navies seems to rest upon some such experiences as he had in those tests. As a matter of fact, Captain A. W. Johnson, of the Navy, declared under examination that General Mitchell had not obeyed orders in those tests, and as a result evidence as to the effect of the bombing was destroyed.

The Navy Drawn into the Fight

MEANWHILE, the Navy has not been outside the zone of turmoil. Charges have been made that Navy officers are "muzzled" on the aviation question. A member of the House Committee said publicly that three naval officers had asked to be excused from testifying on the ground that, if they testified frankly, they would be subjected to discipline. Secretary of the Navy Wilbur replied that naval officers are entirely free to express their opinion so long as they do not divulge naval information of an essentially secret character.

The fight, apparently, is still in its infancy. Advocates of a unified Air Service will not cease to press for the essence of the Curry Bill—at this session or the next. It is not likely that the Army and Navy will ever consent to surrender control of the Air Service. The established organization is firm in the view that aircraft can never be more than an adjunct to land and sea forces, and that, essential as they are in attack and defense, aircraft of themselves can never take and hold a position on land or sea.

More Antics in the Senate

SOMETIMES the Senate seems deliberately intent on destroying its own prestige with the people. Its ridiculous and dizzy dance around the Muscle Shoals question, leading it to reverse itself four times within twenty-four hours and to whirl from one spot completely around the circle until it reached that same spot again, was a recent example of its apparent incompetence. Explanations about parliamentary procedure did not in this case really explain.

Now it has shown itself almost childish in the matter of the appointment of Attorney-General Stone to the Supreme Court bench. That the appointment of Mr. Stone was highly suitable was apparent to the country at once; but the Senate not only deliberated in executive session, as was its right, but made a spectacle of itself by allowing what amounted to blather to flow in open session. The fact that Attorney-General Stone by bringing an indictment against a Senator had intruded into the Senatorial holy of holies excused this performance apparently in the minds of Senators. The futility of the performance was made the more evident by the final vote of 71 to 6 by which the Senate confirmed Mr. Stone's nomination.

Neither Senator Walsh, who led the opposition, nor Senator Wheeler, over whose prospective indictment in the District of Columbia the opposition hung, voted on confirmation. Those who did vote against it did not, in the main, base their opposition on the Wheeler incident. Norris opposed confirmation because of Mr. Stone's long service as corporation counsel, and Heflin because of his part in the action of J. P. Morgan's executors against James A. Owenby. Senators Frazier, Trammell, Shipstead, and Magnus Johnson did not definitely explain the grounds of their opposition, but it more probably grew out of Mr. Stone's corporation connections than out of the Wheeler incident. There was not lacking, however, a voice of protest at the Attorney-General's action in the Wheeler matter. Borah and Reed of Missouri, while voting for confirmation, called attention to what they regard as the danger of the precedent set in the Wheeler case, tending to establish the theory that the Government has the moral right to compel an accused person to stand trial far from his home. The upshot, however, of this pother was that the Senate gave what amounts to general approval both of Mr. Stone's private and official record and of his position in regard to the investigation of Senator Wheeler's alleged irregularities.

The jury investigating the Wheeler matter is making progress, and the scope of its inquiry has broadened to include the Fall-Doheny-Sinclair matters. Pomerene and Roberts, counsel for the Government in the latter cases, are actively presenting evidence to the grand jury.

Justice Knows No Brother

MR. STONE, duly confirmed as Justice of the Supreme Court, will continue to perform his duties as Attorney-General until the Court meets in March.

He is, indeed, very active in the work of that office. With only a month to remain at the head of the Department, he is arranging for important proceedings which may continue for years. He announced, on the day following his confirmation, probable action by the Department of Justice to prevent monopolistic control of prices of several household facilities, including aluminum ware. Public interest in this will probably be decidedly avid because of the fact that a fellow Cabinet member of Attorney-General Stone's—Secretary of the Treasury Mellon—was long prominently connected with the Aluminum Company of America.

The Attorney-General is quoted as saying that this company, according to the data before him, controls more than ninety per cent of the known deposits of bauxite, from which aluminum is made, and that, "having thus practically complete control of the sources of supply of raw material, the Aluminum Company of America is in position to and does control the domestic prices of sheet aluminum to the utensils manufacturers."

The New Postal Bill

THE House of Representatives, having refused to receive the postal-salaries-postal-rates-increase bill passed by the Senate, on the ground that it was revenue legislation originated by the Senate in contravention of a Constitutional

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What shall we say to this in law?

(2 Henry VI, Act I, Scene 3)

Donahey in the Cleveland Plain Dealer

The battle of Lake Michigan

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

Chicago's position

From Miss Jessie Ferguson, Columbus, Ohio

De Mar in the Philadelphia Record

"Lay off! The old girl's got all she can pull now"

From William W. Major, Edison, Pa.

Craig in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle

The cat and kittens

From H. A. Hovey, Newark, N. Y.

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provision, has proceeded to originate a similar bill, which is technically House Resolution 11444, but which will be popularly known as the new Kelly Bill. This bill is not more pleasing either to the publishers or to users of the parcels post than the one it will replace. A storm of protest has been raised, too, because interests affected were not given an opportunity to be heard. The bill is reported out under a special rule on the day that this issue of The Outlook goes to press.

The new bill is, in some respects, more objectionable than the old one in its amended form. An extra burden of $3,998,252 is placed on second-class mail, in which class fall newspapers and periodicals. There is such an arrangement or lack of arrangement, however, that this burden rests with undue weight on certain classes of publishers, mainly the smaller ones. In the first zone beyond the "county free" areas the postal rate for newspapers is increased exactly one-half.

The bill is expected to increase revenue from third-class mail—circulars and the like—by $18,000,000, and from fourth-class or parcels post by $13,600,000. This compares, on the face of it, with a proposed increase of $20,000,000 on parcels post in the Senate bill, but those who speak for parcels-post users say that the decrease is purely apparent and is made by transferring essentially parcels-post business from fourth to third class. The $3,000,000 proposed to be raised by a two cents service charge on packages, fourth class, remains as in the Senate bill. The insured service is expected to bear $3,000,000 of the raise, the C. O. D. service $1,104,000, money orders $3,582,000, registry service $3,980,000, and special delivery service $900,000. Fourth-class parcels originating on rural routes are exempt from the service charge, but this is said to be of little practical benefit to farmers, as most farm parcels actually go to the post office for weighing and determination of zone rates, and therefore will not be exempt. The American Farm Bureau Federation, after it was determined that hearings would not be granted, made a direct statement to all Representatives, protesting that the burden of increase was being thrown with undue weight upon parcels post, which, the Federation says, means the farmer. Publishers' associations also made protests against the refusal to grant hearings.

Is It Needed?

Active opposition to the bill is again developing on the ground that there is no occasion for a general salary increase at this time, and that therefore the increased rates are unnecessary. It is admitted by those who have returned to the attack upon the foundation of the whole matter that there are instances in large manufacturing cities where moderate increases are needed, but it is asserted that, with few exceptions, the postal service has no difficulty in securing enough employees or even in maintaining a large waiting list. This is apparently true, despite the onerous regulations requiring long service as substitutes on call before regular appointment.

Figures compiled by the Post Office Department as late as September 24 last year show that postal clerks and carriers receive higher average salaries than persons in private employment apparently requiring comparable ability. For a group of representative cities, the average salary for post office clerks was $1,700; for post office carriers, $1,752; for rural carriers on regulation routes, $1,800; and for railway mail clerks, $2,107. For the same group of cities the average salary of bank clerks was $1,382; for bookkeepers, $1,398; for railroad clerks, $1,455; for express messengers, $1,722. The highest average given for workers in private employment is, it will be noted, only a few dollars above the lowest average for postal clerks and carriers.

A New Inter-State Treaty

The word treaty is perfectly correct as applied to governmental agreements between our States or between self-governing Dominions of Great Britain, or between such Dominions and the British Empire. It has been so applied to describe the agreement founding the Port Authority over waters and shores in New York and New Jersey, and abroad recently to describe the pact between Great Britain and the Irish Free State. This wider use of the term than for international compacts is still a little odd to the ear, and chiefly perhaps because such agreements are as yet not common.

The new Tri-State Treaty proposed between New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania will in all likelihood be ratified by the Legislatures of the States, for it is of value to all. It proposes to provide a vast water supply from the Delaware River for use in the three States, in those cities and towns which now need or may later need an enlarged supply. Northern New Jersey at this time urgently requires some solution of the water problem in the cities, and especially in the small towns. Municipal ownership of water supply does not prevail there, and it seems all but impossible to get the towns to unite in a common plan, while single action in each town is proving impracticable. A water commission for northern New Jersey with large power seems the reasonable solution; but time is passing, water supply is dangerously small, and nothing is done. The other States also have their problems, and the future of New York City and Philadelphia must be planned long ahead. Mayor Hylan says that New York City will outgrow its present supply in ten years.

Under this treaty the tributaries of the Delaware will be conserved and utilized by expenditure of $500,000,000 as proposed. It is thought that when the plan is in full operation Pennsylvania will have an additional supply of three thousand million gallons a day, New Jersey and New York each half that amount. The area of watershed included in the project is over ten thousand square miles. It is a vast plan.

Make Democracy Safe for Oysters

The causes of typhoid fever are now measurably circumscribed. The origin of specific cases can be traced with reasonable certainty in a considerable number of instances. Epidemics, however, still recur, and will continue to recur until the complete remedy is applied.

The present situation may be analyzed as follows:

Typhoid is very often a water-borne disease. Apart from contact cases, which may result from lack of personal sanitary precautions, or even decency, the first points to come under suspicion are the water and milk supply, together with any foods which come in contact with water and are eaten raw (celery, lettuce, cress, *et al.*). Oysters, clams, and mussels are peculiarly liable to carry typhoid, but only if grown in sewage-polluted water or if exposed to such polluted water in preparation for market

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in the process of "plumping," freshening," "fattening," "icing," or in opening ("shucking").

The responsibility for non-extermination of the typhoid germ is a divided one. Medical and sanitary science has indicated the path. The Federal and the State Boards of Health have instituted well-organized public health services. Competent inspection is being systematically developed. The best type of shellfish producers and distributers are awake to their civic responsibility and to the business expediency of complete cooperation with the health officials. The sanitary service carries the responsibility of adequate and speedy investigation and elimination of possible sources of infection. The necessity of quick action may sometimes unavoidably cause a business hardship to the shell-fisheries, but no other means are possible to safeguard the business interests and the public health under existing conditions.

The shell-fisheries, as an important asset both for National health and wealth, are entitled to complete protection by State and Nation. The people themselves must make the oyster "safe for democracy." The most serious problem, however, is to make democracy safe for the oyster. Until democracy ceases to regard the natural watercourses as a legitimate means of sewage disposal the typhoid germ must remain a serious potential menace, only to be controlled at great loss of time and money, and ever liable to break through the line of defense.

It is a serious economic error to suspend the oyster business by judicial decree, but it is a National disgrace to permit the passage of human dejecta into water, either by the individual act or by a community engineering project, great or small. This responsibility rests with every individual and with the State Legislatures. The shell-fish producer and distributer cannot carry on under the unjust handicaps now developing. But the heaviest burden falls upon the public. To initiate remedial action every State might well legislate to place in a single board the complete responsibility for all the biological conditions of or near the public waters. At present this responsibility is divided between several boards or commissions. The result is an indistinct boundary between the various official powers and their responsibilities. A sound bill introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature last year was opposed by those who would have been most benefited.

Only in such concerted action can be found a completely efficient and economical method of safeguarding the public health, an exceedingly valuable food supply, and the basis of a sea-food industry of vast National importance.

Ingots and Art

THE OUTLOOK has sometimes poked fun at the miraculous stories of sudden success which are published with the purpose of inspiring youth and raking in subscriptions.

Louise Hunter took one step from the concert hall of the steel factory to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera Company

Once in a while, however, there does come to our desk a tale of rapid advancement which is worth while reading.

The story that we have in mind is one which should be called to the particular attention of those pessimists who regard American industry as a huge machine without blood or soul.

In the city of Middletown, Ohio, is the plant of the American Rolling Mill Company, a concern which employs over seven thousand workers. The workers in this plant and its managers know that life is not all labor. Together the managers and the workers have built up a remarkable number of glee clubs, orchestras, quartettes, and developed some striking instrumental and vocal soloists.

It was the fortune of one young girl to be brought up in this environment where the manufacture of steel does not preclude the making of music.

That girl was Miss Louise Hunter. She sang for her friends, and through her friends in that great steel plant she was given special opportunities for training.

Her friends in Middletown had faith in her voice. It was the President of the American Rolling Mill Company himself who wrote to Mr. Otto Kahn, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, asking for an audition in order to learn if "we ought to send Miss Hunter to Europe to finish her musical education." Mr. Kahn granted the request. In the great empty auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House the directors of the Metropolitan Opera and Gatti-Casazza patiently waited to hear Miss Hunter's voice. They had heard many voices of ambitious singers, and doubtless they were more patient than hopeful.

Miss Hunter sang once; then she was asked to sing again, and again, and again. When the audition was over, there was a new member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. That was two years ago, and Miss Hunter is steadily advancing in the importance of the parts to which she has been assigned.

Greenwich Village to the contrary, America is not wholly composed of Babbitts.

The Naughty Nineties

THE death of the London publisher John Lane recalls a group of writers and artists who will merit a paragraph at least in any history of English literature. The "Yellow Book" suggests to every one who remembers its name its supposed flavor of decadence—a kind of mysterious artistic wickedness. For much of this the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley were responsible. Nearly every cultivated observer and almost every artist recognized their extraordinary skill and beauty, but to the average man the curious-looking women in their tortured attitudes suggested something which he vaguely felt was not all that it should be.

Owen Seaman, whose parodies were also published by Mr. Lane, expressed this idea when he addressed Beardsley, saying:

> But all the same, you need not maim
> A beauty reared on Nature's rules;
> A simple maid *au naturel*
> Is worth a dozen spotted ghouls.

But the "Yellow Book" was only one of the most famous of Mr. Lane's pub-

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lishing ventures, and Beardsley only one of the artists whose work he presented to the public. As a contrast with the exotic work of the illustrator of the "Mort d'Arthur," there was Phil May, as "wholesome" and as English as Charles Dickens. If Mr. Lane had in his list of authors such ill-fated and tragic figures as John Davidson, Oscar Wilde, and Francis Thompson, he also had the entirely sane and merry Max Beerbohm, the poets William Watson and Alice Meynell, and that most charming writer, Kenneth Grahame.

Mr. Lane's list was distinguished and interesting. If it shocked a few persons in 1894 and the succeeding years, it had the merit of never being dull. He introduced to England and America artists of great ability, essayists who were both clever and penetrating, genuine poets, and amusing novelists. The fiction which he published often had that flavor of the supernatural which, says Lafcadio Hearn, is inseparable from great literature. Arthur Machen, who has recently come into a deserved popularity, was one of the notable figures at "The Bodley Head" thirty years ago.

A Tulip or Lily

THE Gilbert and Sullivan opera "Patience" is running at the Greenwich Village Theatre, in New York. That is to say, the finest burlesque upon artistic pose and sham in the English language is being presented in the center of that district whose name is associated with every kind of æsthetic attitude and humbug.

Of course, Greenwich Village is little more than a name and a state of mind. All artistic Bohemias are in the past tense; they used to be once upon a time, but they do not exist to-day. Butchers and bakers and other plain folk live in Greenwich Village, and many other persons live there who earn their living painting pictures or writing stories. But they do not dress in black-velvet coats, nor customarily wear tam-o'-shanters, either on the street or at home. A few restaurant-keepers and other personages, purely for commercial reasons, sometimes indulge themselves in eccentricities of dress or conduct. But the real "artists" and Bohemians have moved away. They always *have* moved away. Greenwich Village isn't what it used to be—and never was.

This in no wise interferes with the enjoyment of the melodious and delicious "Patience." On the small stage the twenty love-sick maidens have to be reduced to twelve, and the Thirty-fifth Dragoon Guards, with their plumed helmets, seem to reach up to the proscenium arch. Lady Jane, stouter than she used to be, with her bass viol completely fills the scene. But still the two poets compete as to which shall be more haggard and lank; still the kind of poetry which nobody can understand is popular with the rapturous maidens; and still Bunthorne at the end is left without a bride and forced to content himself with a vegetable love which would certainly *not* suit us.

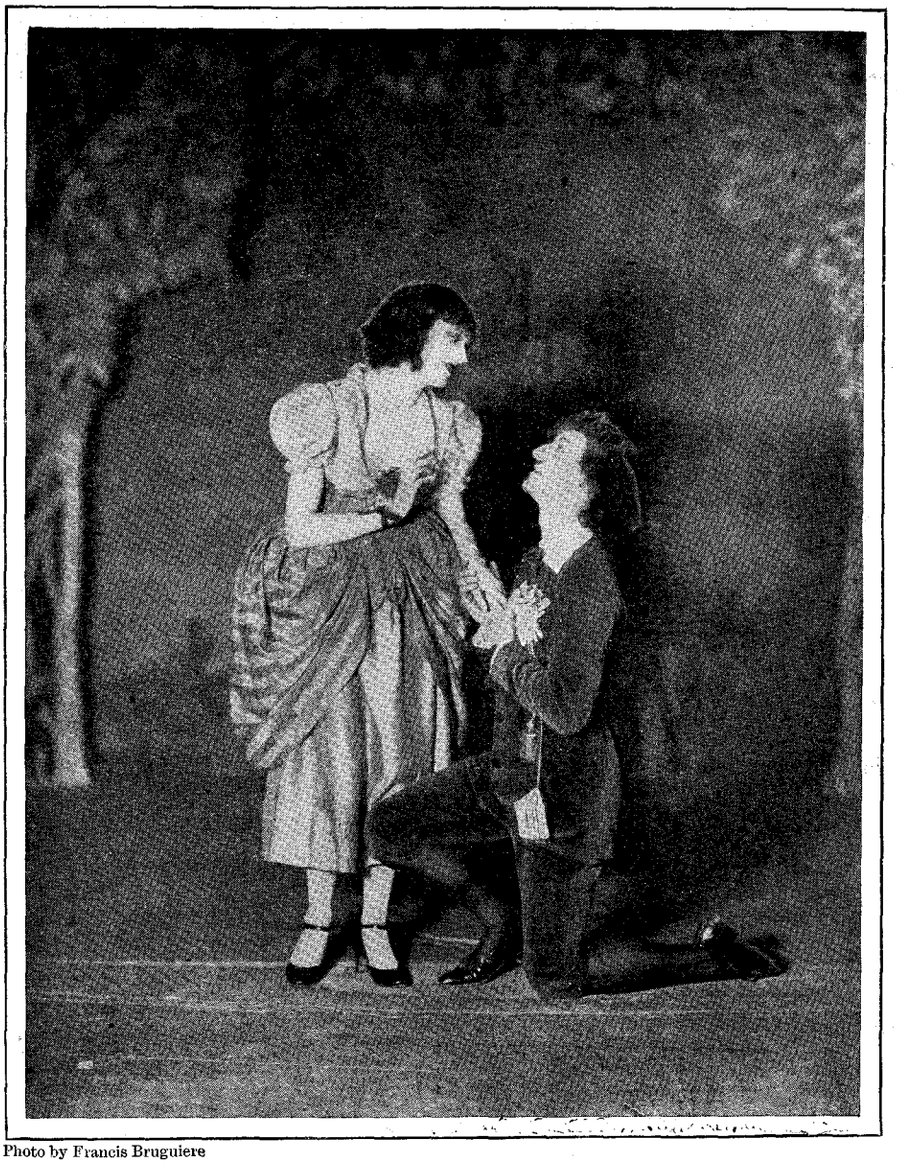

Photo by Francis Bruguiere

Rosalind Fuller as the milkmaid and Edgar Stehli as the fleshly poet, Bunthorne, in the revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "Patience," at the Greenwich Village Theater

The æsthetic school is dead and gone; it was dead when "Patience" was revived in London twenty-five years ago; but the satire of this delightful opera is as enjoyable and as pertinent to-day as in 1881, the year of its first appearance. The verses recited by Bunthorne and Grosvenor are crystal clear compared with many of the lines printed to-day in "The Dial," and if ladies no longer dress themselves in something Japanese, cling passionately to one another, and think of faint lilies, as they read the prize-winning verses in the modernist weeklies, they often do dress in a manner no more becoming, and apparently think of things far less agreeable than lilies. Artistic affectation is eternal, and is forever casting its sickly blight over the work of the sincere artist. That is why the Greenwich Village Theatre is filled every night with an audience full of genuine rapture to hear the confession:

I do *not* care for dirty greens
By any means.
I do *not* long for all one sees
That's Japanese.

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I am *not* fond of uttering platitudes
In stained-glass attitudes.
In short, my mediævalism's affectation,
Born of a morbid love of admiration!

Australopithecus Africanus

TAUNGS lies about one hundred miles north of the diamond-famed city of Kimberley, South Africa. There Professor Raymond Dart, an Australian scientist and Professor of Anatomy at Witwatersrand University, has just found the skull of one of man's earliest ancestors, or a closely allied form, fossilized in limestone. Possibly this skull will soon be recognized as one of the greatest anthropological finds so far made during the short history of the engaging science of man's evolution.

It is as yet too early to be specific concerning this priceless fossil; at least we may go little further than the apparently reliable press despatches which have thus far reached this country.

The finder, Professor Dart, is a man of science. No safer recommendation could be accorded him than the statement of Sir Arthur Keith that, "If Professor Dart makes claim to a certain discovery, I am prepared to regard it as reliable." Sir Arthur, distinguished author of "The Antiquity of Man," is perhaps the foremost anthropologist of our time.

The reports state that Australopithecus Africanus is closer to the ape than to man, a manlike ape rather than an apelike man, and that he lived either during the late Miocene Epoch or the early Pliocene Epoch. What, in less technical language, do these statements signify? What relation, if any, does the recently discovered type bear to other well-known types of men and apes?

What Does the New Discovery Mean?

BY comparison with any of the men of the old stone age, Australopithecus is very much older. Geologists do not like to reckon time in years, yet a conservative estimate of the age of this skull would be two million years. The Java man probably lived half a million years ago. The Piltdown man of England, somewhat less; the Neanderthal man, an extinct race, died out about thirty thousand years ago. Thus our new find is altogether older than any of the races that we have termed man instead of apes. He really belongs with the times when man's ancestors were apes, or creatures so remarkably like apes that most of us would call them apes if we saw them.

The statement that the South African type of fossil ape lived in either the Miocene or Pliocene Epoch means that it lived during epochs placed at about the middle of the Tertiary Period, or age of mammalian evolution, of which these and other epochs are a constituent part. At that time no race of men yet lived, and it is more than probable that the ancestors not only of man, but of the simians as well, were not greatly differentiated.

Thus we have one group of apes evolving, it is true, but not upwards; another, slowly developing a better brain, destined to become what we call man—that is, a primate that has learned to save up mental records of his experiences and to apply them towards his own further advancement.

The Priestess of the Moon God

BEL-SHALTI-NANNAR was the beautiful daughter of Nabonidus, the last King of Babylon—nobody really knows whether she was beautiful or not, but the story sounds better that way. Her father built for her a cloister-like dwelling where she presided and abode as High Priestess of the Moon God. This has been known for some time by the scholars who can read Babylonian bricks, for the record is on file, so to speak, at a Yale museum.

Just lately the excavators have caught up with the museum record. Precisely that cloister, with its wide courtyard, long corridors, and double walls, has been uncovered, and its pavements bear the name of King Nabonidus and that of the edifice—the House of the Priestess.

What is more remarkable is that there was found in the house a museum of antiquities. The girl-priestess and her royal father were mere moderns, sixth-century people (B.C., of course). But they were pious and had the educational urge. Nabonidus, we know, gave his daughter a fine line of moral precepts, and so she started a museum for public instruction, just as we do nowadays. In it the excavators have found inscriptions made seventeen centuries before the Princess was born—weapons, bronzes, all sorts of odds and ends in stone and metal, from many places ages wide apart, evidently kept for the admiration of the people.

So now we can go to school to the Priestess of the Moon God and learn of ancient things. "Priceless," the archæologists call the collection.

Babylon is like a nest of Chinese puzzles. The records of twenty centuries lie imposed one over the other. The explorers sent out by the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania have uncovered Ur of the Chaldees (Abraham's home town, it has been called) and have found structures and objects dating back as much as forty-five hundred years from our time.

The ancients didn't write much, but they wrote on stone. It is fortunate for archæological reasons that they did not discover the uses of wood pulp.

Ireland Faces Famine

LARGE parts of Ireland are terribly exposed to injury from long-continued heavy rains such as those of the last summer and autumn. The result in these districts is failure of the potato crop, failure in earnings (for the harvesters have no work), and failure of the turf crop—that is, dried turf cannot be had for the peasant's scanty fires. So, as the winter draws on, the southern and western counties—Cork, Galway, Mayo, and others—see famine and cold approach.

It is to the credit of the Irish Free State that it is taking measures to cope with the distress; it has appropriated half a million dollars, and is providing work, food, and fuel as far as it can. President Cosgrave deprecates exaggeration and thinks a comparison with the horrors of 1847 is not justified. But he also states that there is acute distress wherever failure of crops and fuel coincide.

America will, if need be, help against distress in Ireland in 1925, even as she did in 1892.

Moslem and Christian

A NEW conflict, or an ancient one in new form, has broken out in the Near East. It has in it the possibilities of war, for it has aroused age-old antagonisms of creed and culture between Greek and Turk. The smoldering embers burst into flame when the Turks expelled from Constantinople the Patriarch of the Greek Church.

As the seat of the ancient Eastern

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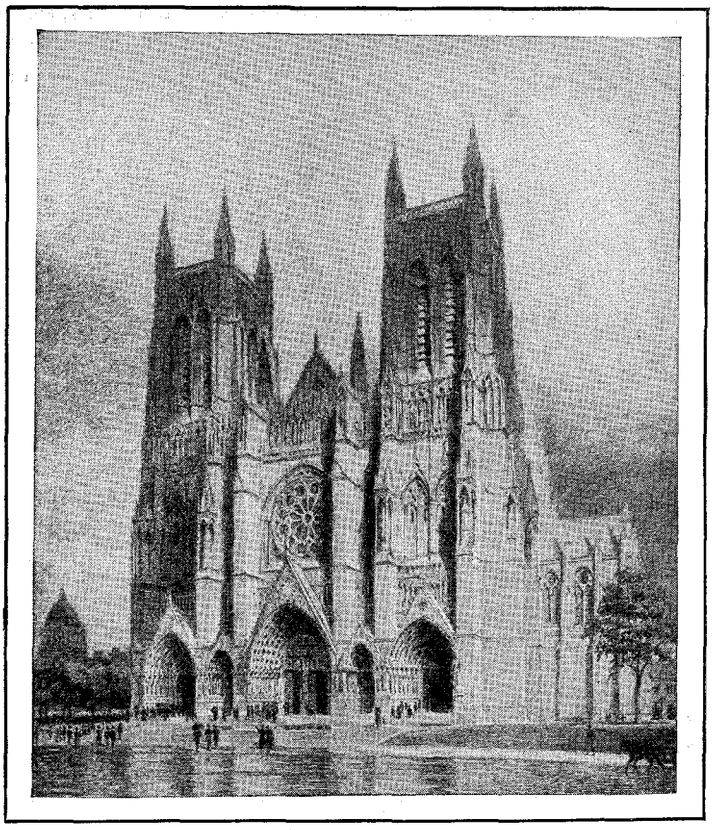
Church, Constantinople is as rich in tradition for the Christian people of eastern Europe as Rome is for the west. When the victory over the Turks in the World War failed to bring the rescue of the city from Moslem power, the disappointment of the Greeks and other Christian peoples was profound. Now that that failure is followed by the expulsion of the Patriarch, what seemed to be victory looks all the more like defeat, and disappointment is turned to rage.

The Turks say that they have not touched the Patriarchate; but simply have turned out the Patriarch because he is a foreigner. They would tolerate, they say, a Patriarch who would be or become a Turkish citizen. That of itself is a poor excuse. They are bound by treaty to respect the Greek Church and its organization. If the Patriarch were mixing politics with his religion, that might justify deportation; but the despatches from Constantinople do not indicate that he has taken any part in politics or that any charges have been preferred against him.

Though no hostilities are threatened, the passions of the Greeks, and particularly of the Greek refugees, have been aroused; and the effect may be shown in the reawakening of the military spirit in Greece.



The Proposed West Front of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City

Why a Cathedral?

IF a Gulliver should visit this Lilliput of America, he would probably find grave amusement in his effort to understand denominational differences among Christians. If he studied our history, he would learn that most of these differences arose out of our genuine Lilliputian experiences; but he would be hard put to it to find good reason for taking most of these differences more seriously than he took the disputes between the Big Endians and the Little Endians. That any group or class of midgets should beguile themselves with the thought that they were the sole custodians of eternal and infinite truth would seem to him an interesting phenomenon of Lilliputian psychology.

Of course there are few in any of our denominations who would put that thought into the form of a definite claim; but could any claim less broad be sufficient warrant for the barriers which separate some Christians from others?

Some such idea as this sense of the futility of denominational divisions seems to be the chief motive force behind the efforts to build two great cathedrals in America—the one in Washington, the other in New York.

The very name National Cathedral which is applied to the Cathedral under construction at Washington is certainly one that ignores denominational as well as sectional lines. And the terms used to describe the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which has begun to rise on Morningside Heights in New York City, are so inclusive as to make any conception of the Cathedral as a denominational structure seem impertinent.

If it were a building for the exclusive use of any particular communion in either case, the appeals made on behalf of it would affront the intelligence of even Lilliputians. From the point of view of Gulliver, the Protestant Episcopal Church in America is one of the smaller religious groups of the country. In New York City, it is true, its position among Protestant bodies is commanding, and in the National capital its environment, traditionally Episcopalian, gives it prestige; but throughout the Nation it is numerically much inferior to several other bodies. If it were building a Cathedral at Washington for itself alone, it would be presumptuous to call the Cathedral National; and if it were building a Cathedral at New York for itself alone, it would be not merely presumptuous but disingenuous to term it "a center of unity and sympathy and power," as Bishop Horatio Potter, who first conceived this Cathedral, called it, and "a house of prayer for all people," as it has been called in the campaign to raise money for its construction. To the Episcopal Church belongs the honor for this large and generous view and for the willingness to assume the responsibility for translating the conception into visible and beautiful stone. And the fact that it has evoked an astonishing response is the best proof that the idea for which this Cathedral stands is one which extends far beyond the confines of any church, or all churches.

There are two reasons in particular why men without regard to creed have supported the building of St. John the Divine. One is the inextinguishable impulse for religious expression. Never in the history of the world have men had such need of faith as they have to-day, and never have they felt that need more urgently. All about them in the metropolis they see signs of material prosperity and of progress in knowledge and power; but the signs of faith are submerged. When, therefore, this conception of a

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great symbol of faith is put into concrete form, they seize on it as a visible sign of their own mute feeling. More than that, however, this growing Cathedral on the Heights has become to the people of the city not only a sign of their individual faith but the tribute of the city as a city to the things of the spirit rendered in a form of beauty. It is something more than civic pride that leads them to look to the future when people shall come to New York to see St. John the Divine as they go to Paris to see Notre Dame. It is rather the sense that they want something dominating to which they can point as symbolizing the best that is in the city. In particular, men and women of imagination believe that there is something in the Cathedral idea, with its organization, that is plastic enough for adaptation to the service of the community in ways not now provided for. Throughout the ages the cathedrals of England and France have served many kinds of functions.

This idea, however, can never be put into practice unless it includes the whole community. One great advantage of an established church is that every man and woman and child of the land has a right in the church and a right to its services. In England the cathedral belongs to every Englishman by virtue of his being an Englishman, and not by virtue of his being a communicant. In this country there can be no such universality in the church by virtue of law; it will only be by virtue of the church's own determination to be universal, to make itself a church of all the people.

It is this universality that the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is seeking to proclaim. To the building of it contributions have come from all sorts and conditions of men. Among the leaders who have been securing wealth and service for the building are clergymen of the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Lutheran, and Presbyterian churches, and others, for all that we know.

In recognition of this large conception men who are not of the Episcopalian communion have contributed large sums. Among them, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. In making his gift Mr. Rockefeller wrote to Bishop William T. Manning, expressing the hope "that, if not now, in the near future it may be deemed right and fitting to invite representatives of Protestant communions other than the Protestant Episcopal Church to a share of the control and direction of the erection, maintenance, and management of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine." In his reply Bishop Manning did not echo this particular expression, but contented himself with the hope "that in due time the spiritual forces now working toward Christian unity will bring about a situation in which the different churches can work and function together as integral parts of one great organization."

To some it may seem as if Bishop Manning's hope were the larger one; but not so to us. Which is the greater, to bring various organizations together into one organization or to lead differing organizations to join in common work with a common spirit? If the Bishop's conception of an inclusive organization is ever to come to pass, at least this may be said—that the surest way to bring it about is to take, now here, now there, such a step as Mr. Rockefeller asks the Episcopal Diocese in New York to take.

A Very Hot Poem

WE like "The Nation." It gets so "het up" about things. To the editors of "The Nation" "life is real and life is earnest," even though they might choose some other poet than Longfellow to hymn their intensities. Every year "The Nation" gets "het up" over a prize poem. Sometimes the poets produce clear light as well as heat. This year the prize winner among four thousand poets seems to have produced more heat than light.

The title of his poem (the author is Eli Siegel) is "Hot Afternoons have been in Montana." A glimpse of the symbolic meaning of that hotness may be secured from the following quotation:

> It is now a hot, quiet afternoon in Montana,
> Montana with the Rocky Mountains;
> Virginia with the Alleghany Mountains:
> (Indians ambushed Braddock in the Alleghany Mountains; the woods, once quiet, once dark,
> Sounded sharply and deeply with cries, moans, and shots; Washington was there;
> Washington Irving wrote of Washington, so did Frenchmen who knew Voltaire;
> In 1755, Braddock was ambushed and died, and then, in Paris men and women, wrote of philosophy, who were elegant, witty, and thought spirit was of matter; say Diderot, Helvetius, and Madame du Deffand; Samuel Johnson was in London then; Pitt was in England; men lived in Montana, Honolulu, Argentina, and near the Cape of Good Hope; O, Life of Man, O, Earth; Earth, again and again!)
> And there have been hot afternoons, all through time, history as men say;
> Hot afternoons have been in Montana.

Too often it may be said of a great figure—possibly we are thinking in the present instance of Whitman—that "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."

The editors of "The Nation" say that they awarded the prize to "Hot Afternoons have been in Montana" "because it seemed to them the most passionate and interesting poem which came in—a poem recording through magnificent rhythms a profound and important and beautiful vision of the earth on which afternoons and men have always existed."

We think we will save this poem until next August and read it again when the dog days come. Perhaps in the proper setting we will catch more of those magnificent rhythms than we can with snow still upon the ground. Perhaps.

The American Coup at Geneva

A HEAVY blow it was to the other nations in the Opium Conference at Geneva when the American delegation withdrew.

According to all reports, the effect was nothing less than a severe shock. The withdrawal proved that the threat of Mr. Porter, the head of the American delegation, to withdraw some time ago was not a bluff. Indeed, it was not so much a threat as a statement of the natural consequences of the rejection of the American proposals. It was early in the Conference that Bishop Brent reached the conclusion that the attempt to have the American plan adopted was bound to fail. Now, the American delegation as a whole having reached the same conclusion, the members felt that there was no further reason for their remaining.

Whether they were justified in withdrawing or not is and will remain a matter of opinion. It should be understood, however, that the cause of the withdrawal was not mere petulance. The delegates were limited by the terms of the Congressional resolution which au-

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thorized American participation. Mr. Porter evidently believed that by remaining they would simply participate in drafting an agreement which they could not sign. In this they were guided not merely by the instructions of Congress but by the preamble to the invitation extended by the League of Nations to the Conference. In that preamble the purpose of the Conference was explained as that "of giving effect to the following principles subject to reservations made by certain nations regarding the smoking of opium." And these are the principles:

> First, if the purpose of the Hague Opium Convention is to be achieved according to its spirit and true intent it must be recognized that the use of opium products for other than medical and scientific purposes is abuse and not legitimate.
>
> Secondly, in order to prevent abuse of these products it is necessary to exercise control of the production of raw opium in such a manner that there shall be no surplus available for non-medical and non-scientific purposes.

It was therefore not merely an American scheme that the American delegation stood for, but principles which the Conference was called for the very purpose of putting into practical operation.

America had the support of Japan at the Geneva Conference and such support as China with its feeble Government could give.

On behalf of Britain, it should be said that such obstacles as she put into the way of the agreement the Americans desired were due in no small measure to the unwillingness of British delegates to make promises which they did not believe they could perform. Explicit prohibition of the production and sale of opium, unless enforced better than the British delegates thought possible in India, would, in their opinion, destroy or at least impair Britain's prestige in the East, and therefore Britain's capacity to administer justice and maintain order. This should be kept in mind by those who read Mr. Kawakami's article in this issue.

In such a Conference that power usually has its way that has something to give in exchange for what it demands. America had little, if anything, to give except its presence there. So long as the delegation remained, therefore, America was giving of its best without having received what it asked for. Diplomatically, the American withdrawal serves as notice to Europe that America is not willing to continue what the European nations consider her most valuable contribution unless she receives what she thinks that contribution to be worth. It is possible that the very shock of America's withdrawal may lead the other nations to accept in substance the very thing that America fought in vain for there. Indeed, the adoption of the American proposal is the only way in which those nations are likely to succeed in inducing America to participate in another such conference.

This episode is an impressive lesson in the value of America's position of independence. The fact that America is free from any entanglements and commitments has enabled her in this instance to take the course that her representatives thought most effective. It is not for her own sake only that America should guard her independence, but for the sake of the power that it gives her to contribute effectively to world settlements.

An Adventure in Good Will

IF we can keep politics and prejudice out of the race question, we can secure good will, forbearance, and mutual helpfulness. Four years ago in this journal Dr. Moton, Principal of the Tuskegee Institute, described the Commission on Inter-Racial Co-operation, then two years old, as representing "a determination to approach the problem of race relationships in the South with honest, open minds and a resolve to deal justly with all parties concerned, rather than remain silent and aloof while passion and prejudice obstruct the progress of both races to the injury of all."

This movement to a considerable extent grew out of the feeling that, as white and black had fought and toiled in the war, they ought to be able to get on comfortably in ordinary civic and industrial relations. Happily, the working out of the idea started in the only place where it should begin—the South. It has spread from one State to another, and reports of progress lately made fully justify its title, which we have taken the liberty to adopt for this editorial. It does not claim that more than a beginning has been made, but that it is a hopeful beginning. Joint committees of the two races have been set up in all Southern States and in eight hundred counties. "Threatened lynchings and riots have been prevented, injustices have been corrected, co-operation for mutual welfare has been brought about, and relations of frankness and confidence have been established between the best elements of both races."

In the last two years accurate statistics show that a large reduction in lynchings has occurred. If our recollection serves, in the year 1924 there were only about half a dozen lynchings, black and white, reported in this Nation of 110,000,000 population. Is it unreasonable to attribute in part the surprising decrease to these common-sense committees?

How does the plan work in practice? A passage in the report of Mr. Eleazer, educational director for the Inter-Racial Commission, gives a homely, every-day sort of description:

> The Negro members are encouraged to lay bare any grievances or injustices from which they feel they are suffering, or any needs of which they are keenly sensible. Perhaps it is a feeling that they are not getting justice in the courts, or protection at the hands of the law. Perhaps it is lack of sewers, sidewalks, or other public utilities in the Negro area of some city. Perhaps it is the need of better schools. Perhaps it is economic exploitation of which they complain. Whatever it may be, the committee hears the case with open mind, goes into it frankly and sympathetically, and takes such action as the facts seem to demand.

This quite corresponds with President Coolidge's remark in his first Message to Congress, that race difficulties are to a large extent "local problems which must be worked out by the mutual forbearance and human kindness of each community." And he added, "Such a method gives much more promise of a real remedy than outside interference."

In the several reports from State or divisional conferences before us we note that such things are done as to help or plan for parks, playgrounds, hospitals (or wards in hospitals), schools, school lunches, equitable distribution of school money racially, library facilities, ballgrounds, seeds for boy farmers, and a long list of other things to help colored people materially and mentally. It can hardly be doubted that all this is actually producing better relations and greater prosperity to the whole people of the Southern States.

There is not in this effort the slight-

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est attempt toward social assertion. The only danger to its extension is described by one of the reports as "the radical element of both races who are trying to sow the seeds of discord, suspicion, and prejudice between the races."

Hot-heads and agitators keep off, please, and let this adventure in good will grow!

The Keystone of an Arch

By Dr. Alfred L. P. Dennis

The success or the failure of the Government of Poland may some day determine whether there will be peace or war in Europe. This article is a striking analysis of Polish temperament and Polish achievement

THIS is a difficult article to write. I must keep faith with people who have been kind enough to give me various ideas regarding Poland. After all, however, it comes down to this: The Poles are in possession of an enormously rich territory. Poland has immense agricultural wealth; it has oil, coal, and iron. What would you wish more?

Poland has all the possible wealth that one could desire. Yet she is without geographical frontiers. The vision of a united Poland after all these years of enforced disunion entranced the politicians at Paris in 1919. But it was not the restoration of Poland by the Treaty of Versailles, it was not the labors of Paderewski or of Dmoski, it was not Pilsudski, it was not the efforts of the French Military Mission, that made Poland what it is to-day. Poland was *made* by the Bolshevik invasion in 1920. The "miracle of the Vistula" gave Poland a chance to find herself, just as the "miracle of the Marne" gave France an opportunity to show what she and her allies could do in the way of defensive war.

The Turning-Point

THE Poles, who were rejoicing in newfound liberty, were also suddenly face to face with political and social revolution. They saw that everything was lost to them unless all sections and parts of the nation could unite in a desperate defense against the Bolsheviki. I do not mean to minimize the efforts, particularly those of Mr. Lloyd George, to try to save Poland to Europe; but I wish to say, as a cool student of history, that unless in July and August of 1920 the Poles had themselves been alert and efficient the map of Europe might have been very different to-day. The French saw this at that time, and the result was that they gave most liberal support to Poland.

To-day, however, the Poles are a bit bumptious as they get rid of about three thousand French officers. The Poles are, as ever, a bit too proud of themselves. The wealth of Poland is immense, but her brains are not sufficiently effective. I question whether Poland could to-day match either MacDonald, Bethlen, Herriot, Benes, or Hughes. In a sheer tilt of brains I am afraid that Poland would lose. There were three Secretaries of Foreign Affairs while I was in Warsaw. None of them impressed me.

The wits and the arts of politics as practiced in Poland give pause. I cannot discover that Polish men of affairs are as yet really capable even of self-defense. It is therefore by virtue of her wealth and of her geographical position as well as by her ancient national history that Poland must continue to exist.

Poland is to-day the keystone of an arch. One pier rests in Finland, the other is tottering in Rumania. Against the surging currents of social unrest Poland stands as the very pivot—as the keystone of the difficult bridge-arch across which modern civilization must travel. For the United States it is very important that she should be well served in Poland, since all that the United States stands for in questions of international morality and of fair dealing between nations depends, as far as Europe is concerned, on the stability of Poland. From a purely American point of view. I take it that the existence of Poland is of very real interest to us.

When the Stars and Stripes Stayed on the Job

IN August of 1920, when the Bolsheviki were at the very gates of Warsaw, it was the sight of the American flag hanging outside our Legation that kept the morale of Warsaw from crumbling. Night after night the crowds would come surging down the street to see if our flag was still flying. Practically every foreign mission had left. The British had made the mistake of openly burning their archives. The American archives had been sent away. But our flag was still there, and as the tide of Bolshevik invasion receded from Warsaw our American insignia remained as a symbol of liberty and of honest dealing among nations. People do not forget such things; and Poland remains our good friend in this troubled world.

The fundamental difficulty in Poland is economic. If we take the three main periods of recent Polish financial history, we find that as the tide of financial inflation receded the chief problem was how to live. Warsaw is to-day the most expensive capital in Europe. Not even Constantinople can match the prices that exist in Warsaw. Washington is a really cheap city as compared with Warsaw. Until December 21, 1923, Poland was subject to the violent attacks of inflation and of deflation with which any student of affairs is familiar in the case of Austria, of Czechoslovakia, and of Germany. Mushroom banks had sprung up everywhere. Every one was optimistic and gambling on the Stock Exchange was eager and confident. Then came the collapse. The result was that public confidence in the currency and in the very Government was destroyed. Everywhere there was a real deficit in that public trust which is really necessary to credit.

Then there came the second period in Polish financial history. Concretely, it was due to the dictatorial powers which were given to Mr. Grabski for about six months. For him and his ability I have the greatest respect. He is, however, a bit obstinate, and yet he saw that unless he acted quickly and decisively the entire fabric of Polish finance would be destroyed. Consequently he established the new Polish unit—the *zloty*—which is worth a Swiss gold franc. Five zlotys are equal to one dollar. The choice of the name was perhaps unfortunate. A zloty in older days was worth about seven and a half cents; now suddenly to call a zloty twenty cents taxed the credulity—the belief even—of the people, and it also kept Warsaw a very expensive place in which to live.

But the fact was that in this drastic period of financial reform the truth regarding Polish finance became apparent.

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Here was a very rich country, but no one could realize on it. It became evident, therefore, that political bargaining and expediency were spelling the ruin of Poland. Mr. Grabski began immediately his financial reforms under three headings:

1. The placing of all values in Poland on a gold basis, chiefly by the introduction of a new currency system based on gold.

2. Balancing the Budget by increasing taxation and, if necessary, the raising of loans against certain national resources to be pledged by the Government.

3. The introduction of a new currency system in Poland, and the provision for its permanent stabilization by the formation of a new private bank of issue, the currency-issuing privilege being thereby taken out of the hands of the Government.

Turning Theory into Fact

So we come to the third period in the financial history of Poland. It is the period of to-day. It probably will be a period for the consolidation of reform. The difficulty is that of staying "reformed." A man may swear off his whisky and soda; but will he stick to his good resolution? That remains to be seen. This is the difficulty which confronts Poland. Temporary stability has been achieved largely through special taxation and resort to exceptional means of raising funds. Such measures cannot be maintained indefinitely and their use can only be justified as temporary measures until the country's productive capacity is established and organized so as to provide the necessary revenue to support the public services. Personally, I believe that there has not been time enough yet to provide the means of reorganization and the stimulus to production before a normal taxation programme can yield sufficient revenue to sustain the reform measures in Poland. I believe that unless some sort of assistance through a foreign loan or the influx of foreign capital into the country is obtained, Poland will have to undergo a long and hard period of business depression.

Poland's Vantage Ground

However, Poland is much better fitted by nature to emerge from such a reform successfully than either Austria or Czechoslovakia. Her natural resources are altogether exceptional. She has timber, oil, coal, metals, splendid agricultural land—in fact, everything necessary for material wealth except, possibly, brains. In other words, Poland's problem—namely, that arising out of her position between two huge states and with a long unprotected border—is also of exceptional importance.

All of this brings us to the question of taxation. I recall a talk on this subject with a prominent Polish gentleman. He said that the incidence of taxation was very bad; he said repeatedly that until Poland finally discovered new and lucrative sources of taxation which would supply her with sufficient revenue the future would be dark. Then I asked him if he would permit me to point out certain sorts of revenue which might be worth while. His comment was a truly Polish remark: "What can we do? You are quite right; but will the politicians see it?" I don't know.

As far as Polish foreign policy is concerned, the difficulty is to persuade the Poles to "let bygones be bygones." Administratively Poland has still to unify itself. Russian, Prussian, and Austrian traditions are still strong. Each of these foreign countries has exerted a strong influence in time past. At present Polish affairs are being managed by a coterie, some of whom are pro-German, some of whom are pro-Austrian. None of them is, however, pro-Russian.

As I left Warsaw I recalled an old Polish quotation from a sixteenth-century writer, Grabowski, who said:

"While other nations are defended by water and have embattled gateways, impassable mountains, we have nothing of the kind. . . . From all sides the plains and ways to Poland are open and broad to the enemy: advances, retreats, entrances, exits; the enemy gets his victuals and provisions where he pleases and how he pleases. In our Polish hands only, in our hearts and throats only, is our armory—these are our mountains, our waters, these are the castles and ramparts of Poland." Therefore say: *Vivat Polonia.*

Three Opium Policies—American, Japanese, British

By K. K. Kawakami

An editorial on the withdrawal of the American delegation from the Opium Conference appears elsewhere in this issue

Broadly speaking, three policies have been advocated at the International Opium Conference at Geneva. The first is the American policy, which proposes to abolish opium-smoking in ten or fifteen years and limit the production of cocaine and morphine to the requirements of science and medicine. The second is the Japanese policy, which aims to eliminate the opium evil by degrees by what the Japanese consider the "most scientific" method thus far conceived and practiced for the control of addicts and of the sale of opium. Japan would also limit the production of narcotic drugs to scientific and medicinal needs if some effective arrangement could be made which would restrain countries producing raw opium and coca leaves from arbitrarily raising the price when their output is thus restricted. As against these two policies, the European nations, largely represented by Great Britain, advocate a *laissez-faire* policy, desiring as little change as possible in the condition now prevailing.

The stage for the Conference was set in a way to arouse suspicion on the part of those who had earnestly been seeking a solution for the noxious problem. Certain nations, having great interest in the opium industry, had succeeded in adopting an arrangement whereby the Conference was divided into two sections—the first dealing with the opium-smoking countries in the Far East, and naturally consisting of representatives of Great Britain, France, the Netherlands, Portugal, India, Siam, Japan, and China; and the second dealing with the narcotic-drug question in general, and consisting of the delegates of all nations signatory to the Hague Convention. This arrangement, in the judgment of impartial critics, was inspired by a desire on the part of cer-

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tain nations to keep the United States out of the discussion of the problems of the opium-producing countries in the Orient. They wanted to settle the matter among themselves without embarrassing American "interference." Of course the American delegation knew this, and arrived in Geneva in fighting mood. They believed, and rightly, that the problem of narcotic drugs, whether in the Orient or in the Occident, was essentially the same, and that there was no reason why the opium question in the Far East should be dealt with separately.

Naturally, the nations participating in the first Conference, except Japan and China, had no intention of considering any proposal seriously looking towards the suppression of the drug evil. Japan was the only nation which presented a constructive proposal, which, if adopted, would so diminish the use of opium that in fifteen or twenty years European Governments would be in a position entirely to prohibit, as proposed by America, opium smoking or eating in their Eastern colonies. Had some such plan been adopted to prove the sincerity of the first Conference, the unpleasant disagreement, bordering upon recrimination, between Mr. Porter and Lord Cecil at the second Conference might have been avoided. What irritated the American delegation was the apparent lack of sincerity on the part of the European nations at the first Conference.

The essential features of the Japanese proposal are the registration, licensing, and rationing of addicts, and absolute prohibition of opium-smoking among non-addicts. This plan, which has been in practice in the Japanese colony of Formosa for some twenty-five years, is, contrary to popular understanding, widely different from the British plan in India. In Formosa both opium dealers and addicts are licensed, while in India dealers are licensed, but not addicts. In practical operation the two systems bring about vastly different results. Under the Japanese system no Formosan without a license is permitted to obtain opium. A license is issued to an addict only when the fact of his addiction is established by a careful medical examination. The quantity of opium for daily consumption is determined by the degree of addiction, and is designated in the license, as well as in the purchase book with which each licensed addict is furnished. A licensed dealer may sell an addict opium in quantities not exceeding at one time his ration for three days. The dealer is required to enter in the retail book the names and addresses of addicts, as well as the quantities and values of opium sold to each. As the purchase book of an addict records every purchase made by him, there is no fear that his purchases may exceed the prescribed ration. Under this system no new smoker is allowed to augment the number of addicts found at the time it was adopted.

In India, on the other hand, no license nor rationing system for addicts is in force. The only restriction is that no licensed dealer may, to quote from "The Truth about India Opium," published by the India Office of the British Government, "sell to any one person at one time more than the quantity of opium which an individual may lawfully possess." Note the language used in designating an opium buyer. This official publication significantly uses the term "any one person" or "an individual," instead of "a licensed addict." Any one in India, whether an addict or a non-addict, may obtain opium from any licensed druggist or vender. True, the quantity he may buy at one time is limited to something between 360 and 540 grains, according to locality, but, as there is no rationing system enforced by means of license and purchase book, he may make repeated purchases at different shops by disposing of the amount of one purchase between times. In India not even minors are prohibited from smoking opium, while in Formosa no minor is permitted to smoke. Under such a system, or rather lack of system, addicts are bound to increase.

P. & A. Photos

Representative Stephen G. Porter, head of the American delegation to the Opium Conference

The Japanese proposal at Geneva is, in short, the extension to other opium-using countries of the Japanese policy practiced in Formosa. Is this policy justified by the results accomplished? The Japanese believe that it is. In 1900 Formosa had 169,064 addicts, or 6.2 per cent of the population; by 1924 the number had decreased to 38,966, or 1 per cent of the population. In the same interval the total amount of opium consumed decreased from 209,737 kilogrammes to 28,000 kilogrammes. The net receipts from the opium monopoly in the twenty-three years 1900 to 1923 inclusive amounted to about $27,500,500, or a yearly average of $1,190,000. As the Government allows no minor to smoke opium, the majority of addicts are at present over fifty years of age. In 1923 there were only 12 addicts between twenty-one and thirty years old, while 24,939 were between fifty-one and seventy years old. In fifteen or twenty years from now opium addicts in Formosa will become a negligible quantity. This, the Japanese believe, is the most "scientific, evolutionary" method so far practiced for the suppression of the opium evil.

Yet even this mild method the first Conference was in no mood to consider with anything like seriousness. India, Great Britain, and other nations with opium-smoking colonies fought the Japanese proposal with vigor. The resultant agreement is little more than a shameful display of evasions and deceptions, as mercilessly exposed by Bishop Brent. Japan, unable to make the Powers see the light as she saw it at the first Conference, came out unreservedly for the American plan at the second Conference, for she considered it the only alternative.

Strangely, none of Japan's constructive proposals has been brought to public attention through press despatches from Geneva. On the other hand, undue prominence was given to the unessential Japanese contention that countries exporting raw opium should recognize without discrimination import certificates issued by the Governments of importing countries, simply because this brought forth spirited arguments with the British delegation. Yet the public is at a loss to understand what this contest was all about, because real facts have never been published. The dispute really originated in the difficulties and inconveniences which the Japanese importers of raw opium had for years suffered at the hands of the British authorities at Hongkong, at which port most consignments, due to peculiar shipping conditions, had to be transshipped. This transshipment was done only upon recognition by the British authorities of the import certificate issued to the importer by the Japa-

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nese Government. If the raw opium covered by the certificate were of Indian origin, difficulty would seldom be experienced in obtaining the necessary recognition of the certificate. But if the goods came from Persia or Turkey, the Hongkong authorities would place various obstacles in the process of transshipment, often amounting to a refusal to recognize the Japanese certificate. This had been a cause of frequent exchanges between Tokyo and Downing Street. The British Government would put forth plausible reasons for the action of the Hongkong authorities, but the belief had been prevalent in Japan that their real motive was to promote the exportation of India opium in competition with Persian or Turkish goods.

No nation at Geneva is in greater need of sympathy than China. Her delegates have valiantly been advocating drastic measures of suppressing the opium traffic, but none knows better than they that China herself is in no position to carry out such measures. Certain European delegations have been inclined to exploit the unhappy condition of China, undoubtedly for the purpose of diverting the attention of the Conference from the unsavory opium situation in their own territories or possessions. At the beginning of the first Conference these delegations opened their broadsides upon China and tried to pass a denunciatory resolution against the growing opium production and smoking within her borders. Unexpectedly, Japan came to China's rescue and prevented the adoption of any such resolution, insisting that China's temporary chaos was something to be sympathized with rather than condemned. In no previous occasion at Geneva have the two Oriental countries acted so harmoniously as at the present Conference.

Who's Who on the Farm

A persistent pelican, a premature obituary, and a quarrel as to the originals of Everett and "Old Man Jim" provide Dixon Merritt with material for this week's Washington letter

IF there were any way it could be done decently, I should bring down a Noah's flood upon my creatures and destroy them utterly. They are troublesome. There is the pelican, for instance. Well on toward twenty years it has trailed me over the face of the globe, making me do autographed copies of a crazy limerick and generally creating in me a fellow-feeling for Coleridge's old sailor with the albatross following him around. And now, as the reward of that ungrateful bird, I am dead—so declared by the "International Book Review," no less.

I have other children who, though years roll over their heads in decades, never outgrow the three-months colic period. And now the newest pair of twins, Everett and "Old Man Jim," are keeping me awake nights.

Here is a sample of how they pester me. Charles W. Holman, of the National Board of Farm Organizations, the National Milk Producers' Federation, and other things, says I called him Everett. I did nothing of the kind, though I would be justified as a retaliatory measure in "calling him out of his name," as our Southern Negroes say. He humiliated me, and, though the incident occurred four or five years ago, I have never properly recovered my self-appreciation.

It was an October day of snow and blow in the Twin Cities. According to the lights I learned in the Tennessee Midlands, it ought to have been a bright, brisk day of tempered warmth, and I was unhappy. Hands in pockets and

(©) Harris & Ewing

Charles W. Holman, who failed to recognize a friend in a blizzard

ears drawn down for the meager comfort of contact with coat collar, I was streaking it out of the Minnesota State Fair Grounds bent upon finding, if not a fire, at least a radiator. I know I looked as out of place as a Panama hat upturned on the waters of Baffin's Bay, and the chill I felt was due as much to lack of the genial glow of companionship as to lack of physical heat.

Down the path the other way came Charlie Holman, more drawn and bent and chilly-blue than I myself, for by his Mississippi original standards the day ought to have been hot enough to broil bacon on the asphalt. We had long lunched together in Washington every Tuesday at the Farm Hands Club. "Here," thought I, "is companionship. I'll warm the cockles of my heart—assuming I have such things—though my toes freeze."

Alas and alack the day! such was not to be so. Charles W. Holman came forward, and when I thought he would have pressed my hand, cold and goose-fleshy as it was, he said, "My friend, I'm a stranger in these parts and you are a native; tell me how to find the way to"—and so forth.

He miscalled me a Minnesotan. Would I not be justified, I ask, in calling him "out of his name"? But I did not. In so far as I referred to him at all, I called him "Old Man Jim."

Really, though, it is extremely difficult at times to tell those twins of mine apart, and I can't blame one of them for occasionally thinking he is the other. If an organization, just because it is National and not local in scope, thinks it is Everett and not "Old Man Jim," I can't help it. Size and present form of organization have nothing to do with the case, tra la! "Old Man Jim" is the organization that grew out of the longings and strivings of the people, like a folk-song. Everett is an interpretation for the people of their own heart's desire, like a symphony or some other musical thing that I know substantially nothing about. Size has nothing to do with it. Everett may be as small as St. James Parish, where all the Perique tobacco is grown, and "Old Man Jim" may be as large as the far-flung pastures where graze the

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cows of the National Milk Producers' Federation. This latter organization is an "Old Man Jim," and that is all there is to that. The National Board of Farm Organizations, with which the Federation is affiliated, may be neither—and there is a good deal more to that.

I will paint another picture, but I positively will not create another character.

Farmers and the War

It was the summer of 1917 in Washington, D. C., the pounding heart of a war-frenzied Nation. "Food will win the war." That was the loudest, most insistent battle-cry. But the sources of food supply were undergoing depletion of personnel. Two million workers had been drawn away from the farms into factories. The draft was running indiscriminately. Voluntary enlistment in Army and Navy seemed to be drawing more heavily from the farms than from any other source. It was a dark day for the prospect of feeding a world in arms. I should like to tell what Uncle Joe Cannon said about it, but he said it into my private ear, and his emphasis if it were written would char the paper.

The National Board of Farm Organizations came into existence—not created, but assembled out of materials long existing, out of spent efforts of Sir Horace Plunkett; of Uncle Bill Creasy, the war horse of the National Dairy Union; of John McSparren and Gifford Pinchot and Charles Barrett and McCarty and Holman. Organization plans were drawn up for a loose conference body maintaining a service staff, with which all sorts of farm organizations might affiliate.

The Board leaders went to General Crowder, then Chief of Staff, and asked that something be done to insure leaving enough men on the farms to produce the food for our population and the armies of the Allies. The General could do nothing, and sent the committee to Secretary of War Baker. He could do nothing. The committee went to McAdoo, and McAdoo said, with emphasis only slightly less scorching than that of Uncle Joe, "You will have to see the Old Man himself."

The Board called in 130 men from all over the country, prepared a memorial, and went to see President Wilson. Within forty-eight hours General Crowder received instructions. He called in draft officers from the States and overhauled the machinery. Up to that time there had been one word on the exemption puzzle. It was horizontal, and it spelled "dependency." Now a vertical word was written, and it spelled "necessary occupation."

That year and the next the farms of the United States produced almost miracle crops.

There began the National Board of Farm Organizations as a functioning entity. The largest of its affiliated organizations are the National Milk Producers' Federation, the Farmers' Union, the

Aaron Sapiro

There are 600,000 farmers organized in accordance with the plans which he developed

Pennsylvania State Grange, and the Farmers' Equity Union. Some of them are "Old Man Jims," some may be Everetts—they will have to tag themselves.

Anyhow, the National Board of Farm Organizations met in Washington the other day, and did the "Old Man Jimish" stunt of asking Congress to "take appropriate action for the encouragement and assistance of co-operative marketing." Then it asserted the possible other side of its nature and qualified, "without granting authority to regulate, supervise, or participate in the operation of farmers' self-help agencies."

Encouragement, But Not Control

Here, clearly, is another character—but I am not going to name him. He wants the encouragement which "Old Man Jim" wants, but he does not want the regulation which the "Old Man" thinks is necessary. He wants the encouragement which Everett disavowed, but agrees with Everett in wanting no regulation. He is backing the new Dickinson Co-operative Marketing Bill, with which it is hoped to supplant the Capper-Williams Bill, for some time pending in Congress. Neither bill may fit the requirements of the recommendations of the President's Commission. Mr. Dickinson has been on a Mayflower trip with the President, however.

As I said in the previous letter, "Old Man Jim" has never definitely made up his mind what he wants. Some of his component parts want strong encouragement and stiff regulation; some want strong encouragement and nominal or no regulation; and it sometimes seems that some want rigid regulation and practically no encouragement. Over on the other side are the Everetts, wanting nothing but to be left alone.

The relative strength of the various groups I do not know. A year as a Government statistician taught me not to lean very heavily on figures. Here are some, however, which the reader may interpret for himself. He should remember that "approximately" is a word that the statistician packs into every sentence he utters or writes, and it is a wide word.

Four Million Odd Votes

The Sapiro organizations, which want neither encouragement nor regulation, include about 600,000 farmers.

In the conglomerate of those who want encouragement and some of whom want regulation are the American Farm Bureau Federation with probably about 750,000 members, the Grange with not less than 250,000 farm families, and the affiliated organizations of the National Board of Farm Organizations with about 800,000 members. Between this organization and the National Grange there is a duplication of 110,000 farmers, the membership of the Pennsylvania State Grange, which figures in the membership of both organizations. There are some other smaller organizations, some of which may be represented in Washington, but these constitute the bulk of the organized co-operatives which make themselves felt in Congress and the executive departments.

Here, then, are about 2,290,000 farm families interested in what the National Government does with regard to agriculture. In the light of the Nineteenth Amendment, this represents not less than 4,600,000 votes. It probably means considerably more.

Could organized farmers have what they want? They could, if they only knew what it is they want. They will not know, however, at this session of Congress, and they will probably get what they do not want.

Dixon Merritt.

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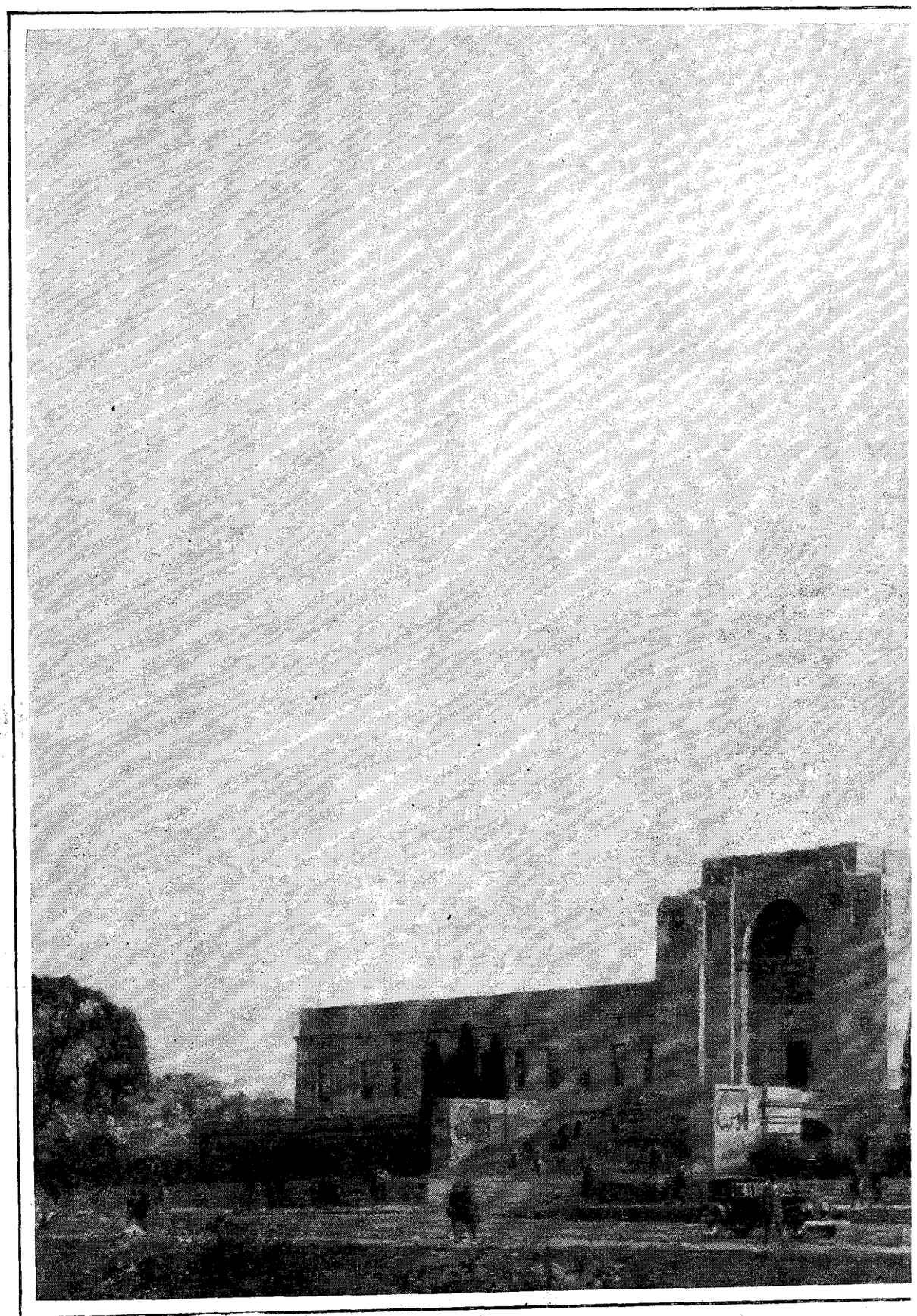
Nebraska's Ne



Photograph by Peter A. Juley & Son

This striking building, from the plans of the late Bertram G
the most unusual developm

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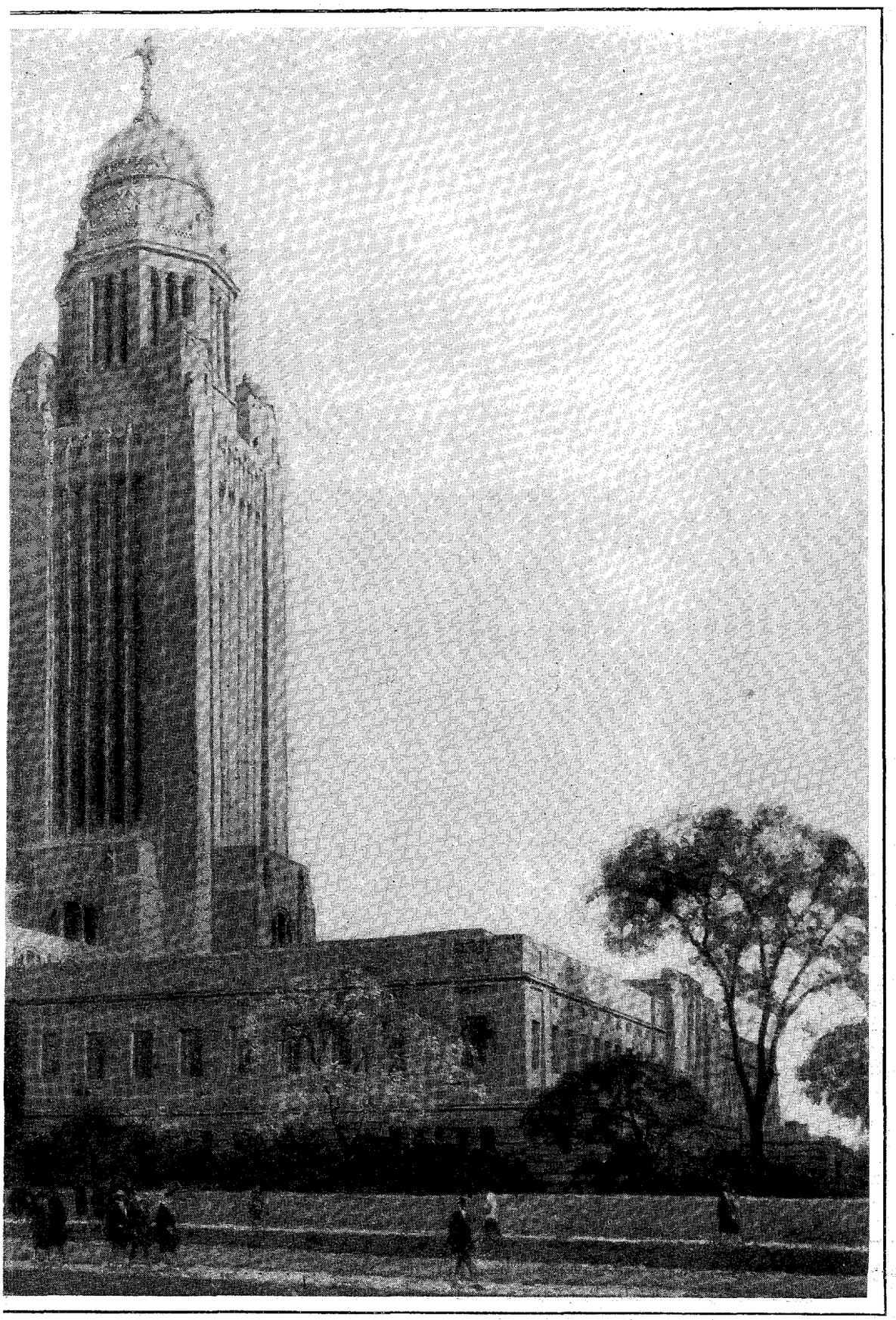
State Capitol



Goodhue, is now under construction. It represents one of
merica's new architecture

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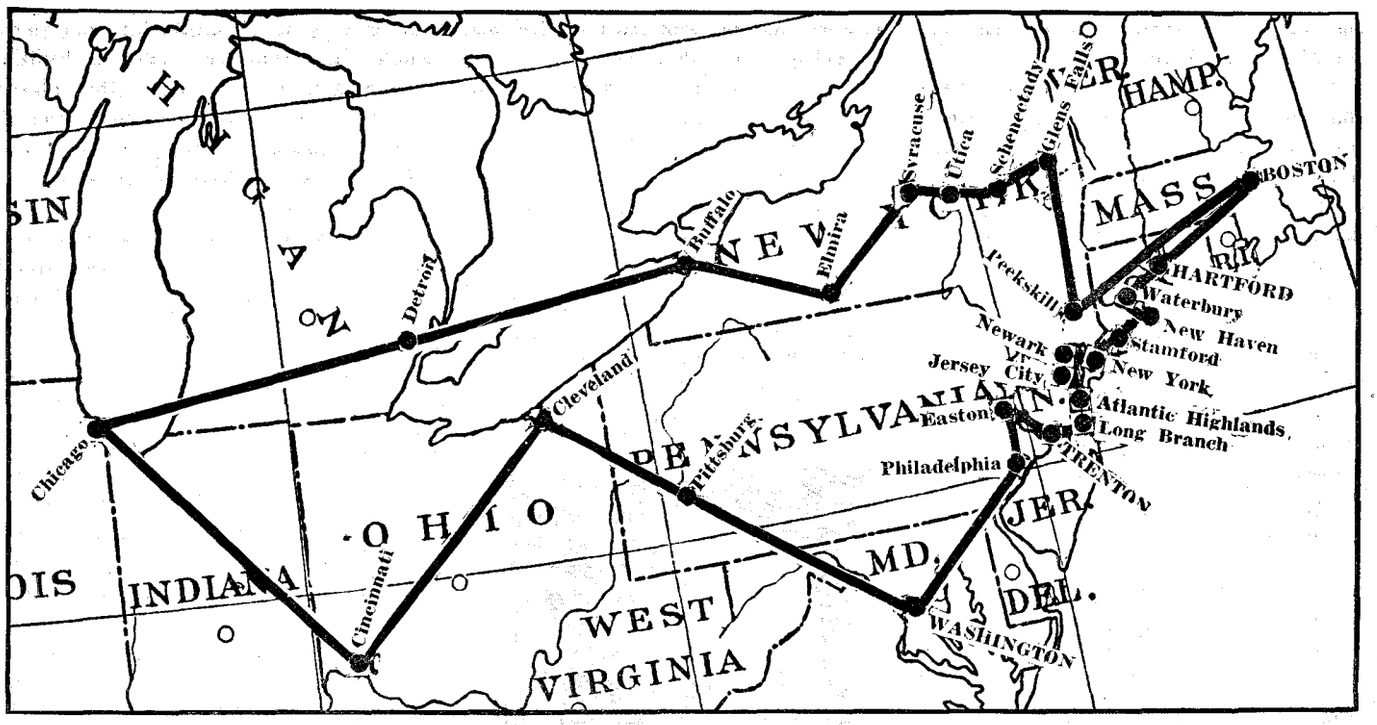

The region covered by Ernest W. Mandeville in his searching investigation of prohibition enforcement. It will readily be admitted that this section of the United States can rightly be called the critical area

Prohibition—Farce or Triumph?

By ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE

In this article Mr. Mandeville outlines the scope of his investigation and some of the stumbling-blocks in the way of rigid and honest enforcement of the Prohibition Law

FIVE years ago this Nation entered upon one of the greatest social welfare experiments in the history of the world. The Constitution of the United States decreed that on and after January 16, 1920, "the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territories subject to the jurisdiction thereof, for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited."

One hundred and thirteen million people were told that a custom intrenched since the beginning of history had become unlawful.

The whole world waits to see the effects of so courageous—or rash—an act on the part of a first-rank nation. Five years have elapsed. The question, "What about prohibition?" is now not only in the minds of Americans, but of all intelligent mankind. What are the moral, physical, and economic results of five years of prohibition? Did the passing of a law stating that intoxicating liquors were not to be made, sold, or transported actually stop the manufacture, sale, and transportation?

My investigation of both questions forces me to the sentence summary: Conditions at present are bad, but indications are that there will soon be a turn for the better.

Of course, it is impossible to sum up in a sentence the answers to such stupendous questions. I propose to devote a rather extended series of articles to the interesting study of these questions and their natural subdivisions.

First, let me state the basis upon which all my writings on this subject rest. It is your privilege to know the background of journalistic observations which might tend to sway your opinions on a matter of such prime importance. There has been too much loose writing and careless talking about "When does prohibition begin?" "It's a farce and the greatest evil the country has ever suffered;" "It is in principle all wrong." The same applies to such statements as "The curse of whisky has gone forever;" "The saloon has gone;" "The jails have been emptied;" "The resultant conditions can be called nothing but good."

It is obvious that none of these statements is wholly true. It is impossible at this time for the propagandists to prove either case, for the simple reason that the full effects, the complete conditions, are not yet known.

To get the actual facts of the whole situation is a Herculean task. It would require at least a year's time of an impartial fact-finding commission. Resources running into hundreds of thousands of dollars would have to be at its disposal in order to make an exhaustive study of the actual conditions throughout the entire Nation. This has not yet been done.

That a magazine, even of the highest order, could undertake such a survey is, of course, practicably an impossibility. The Outlook has, however, fulfilled as many of the conditions of this much-needed study as lie within its power. The limitations of this survey are in the realm of the extent of the examination, and not at all in the field of prejudice. In this investigation, which was made not to buttress any theory or to get evidence to substantiate any preconceived conclusions, but simply to arrive at the truth, I have visited principal cities and studied community conditions north of

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the Mason and Dixon Line and east of the Mississippi River.

It is only fair to admit at the outset that this is without doubt the wettest section of the country. The South, I am told, is much drier, and the section east of the Rockies also approaches a greater degree of aridity. So bear in mind the limitation of territory we are considering. The region under consideration is, however, the most thickly populated section of the country. It contains both dry and wet spots. It shows many an example of good enforcement and bad enforcement, difficult geographical locations for rum-running and favorable locations for smuggling. It contains industrial centers as well as farming communities. A study of prohibition conditions in this important region will be of vast importance in determining the success or failure of the whole undertaking.

The Job of Digging Out the Facts

In this section I made a personal investigation of conditions. I also obtained from persons with either bootleg or enforcement interests which extended all over the country an insight into the state of affairs outside my territory. I tested out the degree of Prohibition Law enforcement. I associated with bootleggers and rum-runners, and learned in this manner the extent and method of their work. I interviewed leading enforcement officials, also the heads of the Anti-Saloon League and the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. I obtained statistics and opinions from those who are in touch with the effects of prohibition—that is, lawyers, doctors, hospital heads, social workers, army officers, police officials, prison wardens, chemists, coroners, etc. As far as was within my power, I made my own observations on the effect of the law among the rich and the poor, the college student and the settled business man. Then, after a study of the multitude of reports, Congressional records, etc., and an analysis of as many statistics as are available, I begin my task of reporting my findings to you.

Feelings and convictions on the prohibition question go deeper, I believe, than any other. Even political and religious barriers give way when the issue is between the wet and the dry. For example, the evangelical Protestant drys, for the moment, forgive all else in the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, a Modernist extremist, and Colonel Patrick Henry Callahan, a prominent Roman Catholic, when they champion the prohibition cause. And brother liberals and Knights of Columbus look with scorn on these betrayers for the same reason. Wet and dry feeling is very deep rooted.

The partisanship and bitterness is so great that the majority of either cause seem unable to exercise impartial judgment about the matter. The wets belittle the results attained, and the ardent drys tend to overstate their accomplishment.

Exaggerations, unwarranted claims, blindness to existing conditions, are of no help to the dry cause.

As in most other matters, neither side is all right or all wrong. Both positions

International

Commissioner R. A. Haynes, who claims that prohibition enforcement is effective

have their faults and both their virtues. In these articles I intend, as far as I am able, to strike an even keel.

In reporting conditions as I found them, conditions that are not wholly favorable to either dry or wet propagandists, I will no doubt bring down their wrath. The extreme drys will scent sinister influences "by the liquor interests" and the wets will consider the story of the benefits that prohibition has brought and the optimism shown as a verbal kotow to the dry powers.

However, there is no progress through deception; and if we ever hope to cure a diseased condition we must first correctly diagnose and then wisely prescribe. That is my sole purpose.

The sensible dry knows that the ultimate success of his cause rests with the discovery now of its serious illness, so that wise remedies may be applied. Arthur J. Davis, New York State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, said to me: "I favor the bringing out into the light conditions as they are. No one who is at all aware of conditions would claim that New York or Buffalo or Massachusetts or many other places are dry. Let us have the truth, even if it is displeasing. Nothing would please me more than to have an impartial exhaustive survey made."

And I have yet to meet a prominent anti-prohibition sympathizer who would advocate a return to the old conditions and the open saloon.

Where Officials Disagree

Is the Prohibition Law being enforced? Federal Prohibition Commissioner R. A. Haynes has said: "To the average thoughtful person argument is not necessary to prove that enforcement of the Prohibition Law is effective." Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney-General in charge of prohibition, said to me: "It is foolish for any one to say that the law is being efficiently enforced." Anti-saloon League heads expressed the same opinion. Somebody is wrong.

That the Eighteenth Amendment must be enforced should be admitted by all. While a part of our Constitution we can do nothing else but enforce it or receive the guffaws of the world. If we allow it to become one of the amendments that are honored chiefly in the breach, we might as well abandon all serious effort to enforce the Constitution. If it is not repealed (and there is little doubt among those who have studied the question that prohibition is here to stay), it must be enforced.

No other criminal statute offers so many difficulties of enforcement as this one which regulates the beverage of an individual. At the present time any one of moderate intelligence who wants his favorite tipple can break the law with comparative safety. The law enforcers have the benefit of the assistance of the public in enforcing other laws. In enforcing the Volstead Act they receive little or no such assistance. Perhaps it is because there is no selfish interest involved. Even if one is taking money out of his employer's till he does not wish any one to steal from him, and is therefore inclined to help in the enforcement of the law against theft. However, there are few human beings who, upon seeing their neighbor drink an unlawful beverage, would bother to report it. What matters it to them?

There is a great deal of hypocrisy on the matter in America to-day. Few responsible people wish to have it known that they denounce the Volstead Act. Yet there are comparatively few who, if they themselves do not have dealings

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with bootleggers, cannot tell you where you can get a supply of liquor for your home. Heresy is found in the high places. There are bishops, judges, and legislators who are as prone to violations of the law as the rank and file.

The costs of enforcement during the brief life of the law have amounted from approximately six million dollars a year to thirty million dollars a year. It is indeed a hard law to enforce; but if it weren't hard to enforce, there would be no reason for it.

But is it possible to enforce a law which affects the personal conduct of the population when there is a substantial portion of that population which resents it? If it can't be enforced, what are we going to do about it? Are we going to leave it on the books and allow it to be one of the dead laws that are commonly broken? Or are we to remove it, or modify it?

The Stumbling-Block

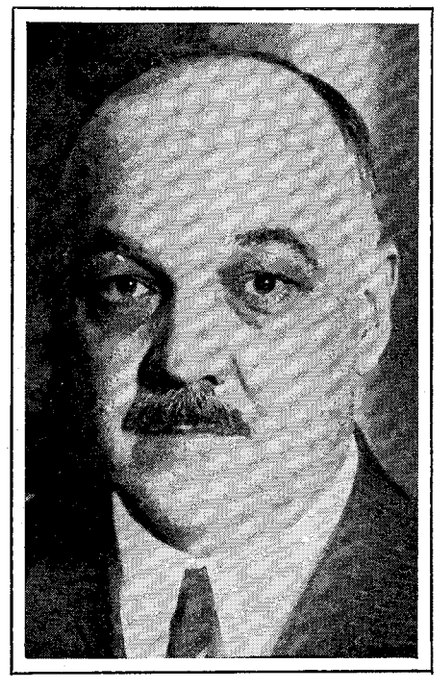
FIRST let us consider whether or not it can be effectively enforced. At present the main difficulties are as follows: There are only 1,700 Federal prohibition agents to police this whole country. Many of these are engaged solely in the checking up of permits and standing guard at the breweries. The remainder are, as you can imagine, swamped in an effort to police the broad expanse of these United States. The enforcement support from the municipal, county, and State powers, which is counted on in the Amendment, has largely failed to materialize. In some sections practically all the enforcement is left to the handful of Federal agents.

These Federal agents obtain their posts largely through political favor. The starting salary is $1,680 a year, and does not increase to very much more. Naturally, not the highest type of men is attracted by a position paying this small wage (surely not skilled investigators). The arrangement invites the appointment of political "ward heelers" who want the jobs more for what they can "shake down" on the side than for the salary checks. Inefficiency and corruption are the certain consequences.

Little encouragement is given to the enforcement work which is earnestly done. The penalties imposed upon convicted bootleggers are so inadequate that the culprit is not at all abashed. He is quite willing to turn up time and time again for a fine of a hundred dollars or so. He can earn it back in a good night's work, and the shrewd "legger" usually sets aside a certain amount each month as a sort of a "fine" insurance. As Mrs. Willebrandt says, "The mild rebuke of the National Prohibition Act is little more than a slap on the wrist to the more audacious offenders."

It must be either inefficiency or Congressional hampering which prevents the Prohibition Unit from utilizing its small force in cutting off the sources of supply rather than arresting the unfriendly petty offender who carries a pocket flask or who runs a small saloon.

Only about five per cent of the illicit liquor smuggled into this country is seized. Two of the other three sources of supply are comparatively easy to cut off.



Keystone

Arthur J. Davis, who is not afraid to face facts

Perhaps the largest source to-day is the immense quantity of industrial alcohol which finds its way into bootleg channels. A concentrated force, skilled in their work, placed at this source to keep check on the output and use, would lessen very materially the amount of bootleg liquor available. Then, too, the removals from the bonded warehouses could be put a stop to. The fourth source of supply—moonshine made in the concealed still—has always been with us, and probably always will be. It is not as great a factor in the matter, however, as the smuggled rum and the alcohol.

Where such an inefficient system now operates and the resultant conditions are a wide-open town the public soon evidences unconcern, disrespect for, and even disgust with, the Eighteenth Amendment; and this is not a healthy condition for any amendment. It certainly will be better to have genuine prohibition enforcement at any cost than to have disrespect for all law.

Efficiency would bring respect; and a law that is not respected is incapable of being enforced.

Off to a Good Start

THE law was quite well observed for the first few months of its life, and the results proved its worth under observance. People considered then that prohibition meant to prohibit. There was much less drunkenness and alcoholism, fewer admissions to hospitals, much diminished demands on charitable organizations, and other beneficial results. After the first year, however, the bootleg system began to grow. The enforcement branch was unable to keep pace with the skill of those who wished to amass fortunes by carrying on an illicit liquor traffic. Discovering the ease with which they violated the law with little chance of being apprehended or successfully prosecuted if caught, many took up the booze business. The underground rum flow got a foothold because of the unreadiness and inability of the Prohibition Unit to cope with the situation. The entrance of politics and the failure to secure competent men to enforce the law enabled the "leggers" to get so intrenched that it will now be much more difficult to uproot them.

I believe that the law can be enforced to rather a high degree of effectiveness. Prohibition will again be taken seriously once the Government heads determine that they really want enforcement.

I predict that a general shake-up of the enforcement officials will soon take place. There is more concerted action on the part of groups of influential citizens now to call for real enforcement. President Coolidge seems to be taking a deep interest in the matter, and when opportunity offers changes may be looked for.

The Crampton Bill, which has been passed by the House and which will probably succeed in the Senate, provides for a separate bureau of prohibition where responsibility can be located. Its other object is to put the prohibition agents under Civil Service. This will tend to take appointments out of the hands of the politicians.

The Coast Guard will soon have more boats with which to shut off the coastwise smuggling. Lack of equipment has been their main difficulty. This will, in part, be remedied at once. When they are able to make rum-running so difficult that it is unprofitable to the operators, then the traffic will cease. Quick wealth is the incentive. When the pocketbook feels losses, then interest will drop in any attempts to run in booze.

My final remarks in this article are that we must remember that it has been an enormous problem to deal with suc-

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cessfully within five years. It is still a pioneer work. Before passing final judgment we must give it time and consider its results under active enforcement. Next week I shall summarize my conclusions as to the effects of five years of prohibition, and then I shall narrate more in detail how I found conditions in the various States I visited.

The Laying of a Submarine Cable

By FRANCIS A. WESTBROOK

The highways of commerce know no barriers. Into the building of these highways through the air, over the earth, and under the sea have gone the blood and brains and brawn of countless generations. Eagerly and insistently men search for new means to smooth out the ways by which man communicates with man. This is the story of the building and repairing of highroads of thought over sunken continents that no man will ever see

WHEN submarine cable communication was first established with England through the efforts of Cyrus Field, there was a popular demonstration of joy on both sides of the Atlantic comparable only to that on Armistice Day. Nowadays the installation of a new cable is not startling news, although it involves the spending of some millions of dollars and helps to extend the network of lines of international communication.

Recently, however, a new cable has been laid which is of more than usual interest because it is the first direct line between this country and Spain and Italy, and also because it is the first of a type over which it is possible to send messages six times as fast as ever before.

Field's first cable lasted only a few months. The insulation was irreparably damaged by the use of electrical current at too high voltage. This was easily remedied with the next cable, but up to the present time the cables themselves have been made in substantially the same manner, although numerous improvements have been made in sending and receiving apparatus as well as in methods of operation. The greatest speed at which messages can be sent over these old cables, even with the most improved apparatus, is 250 letters per minute, while with the new cable it is possible to send 1,500 letters per minute. It is interesting to bear in mind that when, in cable parlance, one speaks of sending a certain number of letters per minute, it actually means sending that number simultaneously from both ends, by means of "duplexing."

This new type of cable, which promises to postpone the supremacy of radio indefinitely, is just like all the others except that around the copper conductor, and in contact with it, is wound a continuous coil or spiral of wire made of a carefully predetermined alloy of nickel and iron euphoniously called "permalloy." Everybody has heard of Michael Pupin and his coil, which has made long-distance telephoning possible on its present scale. Pupin placed his coils at regular intervals in the land telephone lines, but the submarine cable conductor has a continuous coil or spiral throughout its entire length. Of course, to perfect a thing like this was no small matter. In fact, it took several years of scientific research and endless experiments and a great deal of money before commercial results were attained.

A transoceanic telegraph cable has but one conductor, which is insulated with gutta-percha, not rubber, and protected

"Grappling" for a Damaged Submarine Cable

The cable is picked up by dragging one of these hooks along the bottom of the ocean. The location of the cable is known with considerable accuracy when its route is charted when it is being laid. The location of an injury can also be determined with a good deal of accuracy by electrical measurements. Consequently, when the repair ship starts out to hunt trouble it is not entirely in the dark, although it is often difficult enough to pick up a cable and locate the seat of its failure to operate properly

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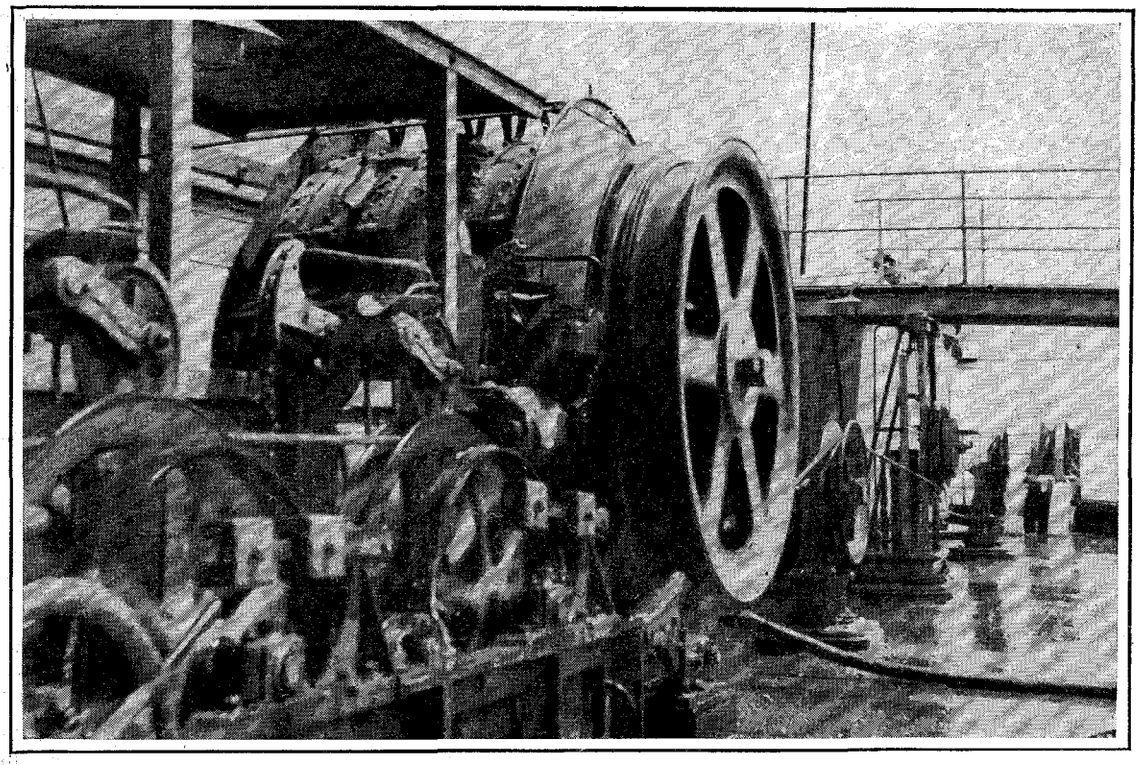

The "Paying-Out Gear" on a Submarine Cable Ship

The cable comes up from one of the tanks in the hold, passes through the machine and several times around the large drum or pulley seen at the center of the picture, and then over a series of smaller pulleys to the large "sheave" at the stern, from which it drops into the ocean. To the left of the large drum will be seen the brakes by means of which the speed at which the cable goes overboard is regulated, and under the bridge is the "dynamometer," which indicates the pull on the cable

against mechanical injury by galvanized steel armor wire. For the deep-sea portion, which is ninety per cent or more of the whole cable, only one layer of rather small armor wire is used, so that it is little more than an inch in diameter. At the great depths there is no wave action or tidal currents, and the cable simply sinks into the slime. At the shore ends the water is shallow, and the waves and tidal currents make themselves felt. Consequently much heavier armoring is resorted to, with the result that the cables may be somewhere around two and a half inches in diameter. Between these extremes there are five other sizes, or rather armorings, appropriate for different depths and kinds of ocean bottom.

To make one of these cables, load it onto a ship, and then put it overboard without breaking the small copper conductor and without damaging the insulation, which could easily occur if the cable were allowed to kink, as it is always trying to do with diabolical cunning, is no fool's undertaking.

The new permalloy cable from New York to Spain and Italy is "cut in" at the island of Horta in the Azores group. The distance from Rockaway Beach to Horta is 2,400 nautical or 2,700 ordinary miles. All this cable was loaded on one steamer. There are now something like forty steamers scattered over the world which are designed and used exclusively for submarine cable work. The largest of these, the Colonia, was selected for this particular installation. She has four large circular tanks, each capable of holding 1,000 sea miles of deep-sea cable.

The cable itself was made in England, at Greenwich on the Thames, and was run directly from the factory into the Colonia's tanks. The different sections of the cable are arranged and spliced in the tanks in the order in which they are to be laid. For instance, in this case the American end came first, then the intermediate sizes, then the 2,000 or more nautical miles of the deep-sea section, and then the intermediate and shore ends for Horta. Of course, great care is taken to coil the cable smoothly in regular layers around the central conical spool of the tank. The tanks are always kept filled with water to prevent the cable from drying out and becoming stiff.

Before a cable is laid over a new route a series of soundings are taken and charted so as to avoid the extremely deep sections of the ocean, where it would be difficult to pick the cable up in case of trouble. The preliminary soundings for the determination of ocean cable routes have brought many interesting facts to light. In the first place, it has shown that the land under the ocean is made up of hills and valleys and mountains and plains just about the same way as the land above water. Some very deep spots have been discovered in the Pacific Ocean; one off the coast of Japan is about five and a half miles and another off the island of Guam is six miles deep.

This question of what the bottom of the ocean is like is fascinating. We know just enough to make us wish we knew more. We know that it is cold and pitch dark except for certain phosphorescent animals. These strange phosphorescent fishes can withstand a pressure of three or four tons to the square inch and burst from their own internal pressure if by chance they get into the upper waters.

On the route to Horta the greatest depth is only 2,800 fathoms (one fathom is equal to six feet), which is about three miles, and not prohibitive. Of course the soundings are carefully charted.

The paying out of the cable from the ship is simple enough, but it requires a considerable degree of skill and very close attention to keep it running smoothly. It is led up to the deck from the storage tanks, passes several times around a large drum equipped with brakes, and leaves the ship over a large sheave or pulley at the stern. It also, between the drum and the sheave, passes through a dynamometer, an instrument for measuring the pull on the cable.

One end of the cable being fast to the shore, the ship steams away on its previously determined course. Careful watch is kept of the dynamometer and an effort made to keep the pull down to 2,500 pounds by adjusting the brake on the drum, although it would take something like ten tons to break the cable. If the depth decreases, the strain on the cable decreases because there is less of it hanging down into the water. In such circumstances the brakes are tightened to keep the cable from running out too fast and giving too much slack. If, on the other hand, the ship passes over a mountain peak, there will be a sudden falling off, the dynamometer will immediately register a heavy pull, and consequently the brakes will be eased off so as to let the cable adjust itself to the contour of the bottom without undue strain. With the ship proceeding at 14 knots' speed and at a depth of 3,000 fathoms, there

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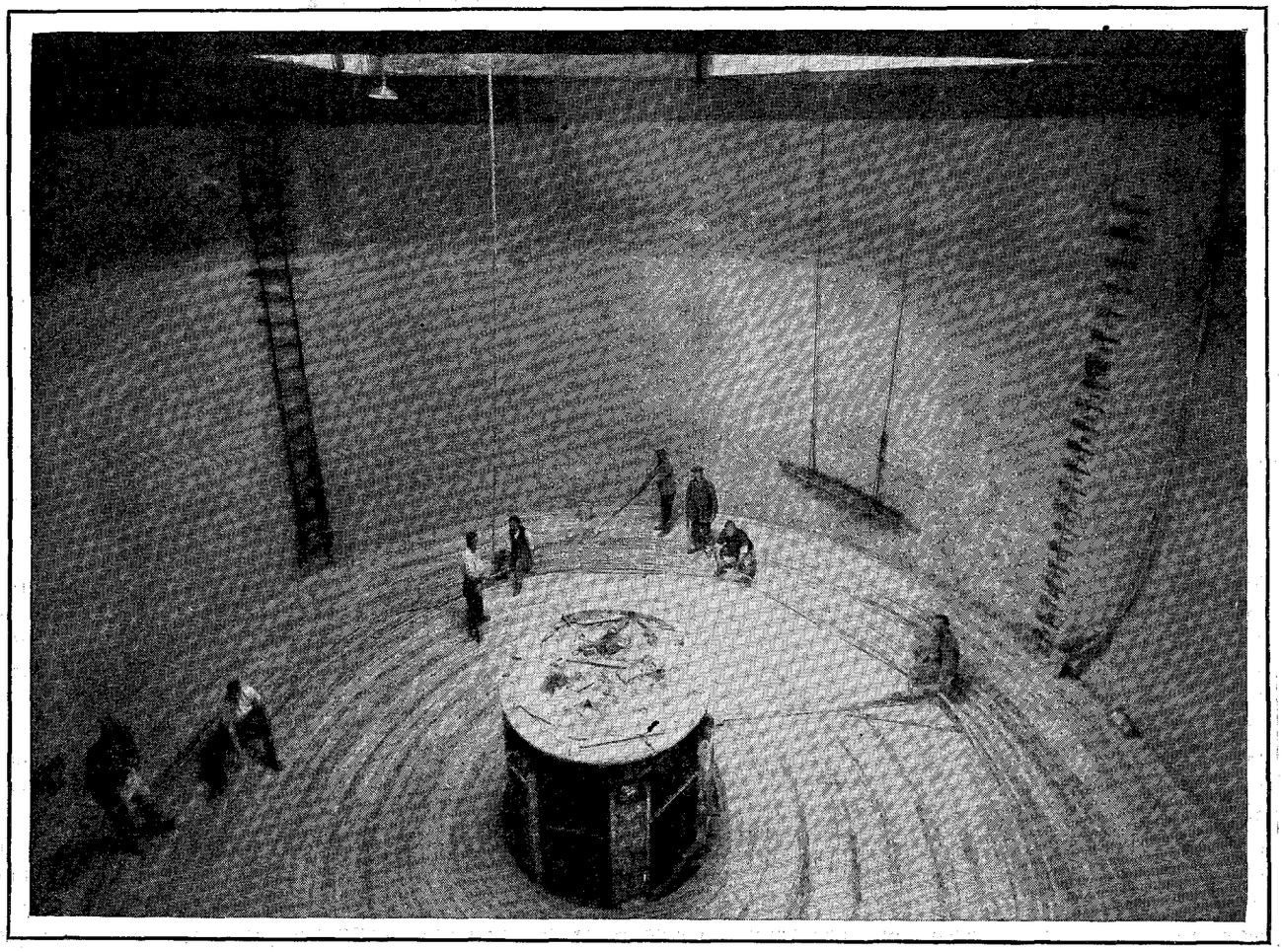
are more than twenty-five miles of cable hanging in the water between the ship and the bottom.

A consideration is the electrical continuity of the cable. It is obviously a great advantage to know immediately if any break occurs, because quite likely it will at least save the expensive process of grappling for it afterwards. One end of the cable being on shore, it is an easy matter to have instruments at each end by means of which signals are exchanged between the ship and the land every five minutes.

Sometimes accidents happen to cables years after they have been laid. Of course, there is more liability to damage occurring in shoal water. In the south the teredo bores its way in between the armor wires and through the gutta-percha insulation, making it necessary to sheath the cables with a winding of brass tape. Icebergs and ice-floes often grind the cables so as to ruin the insulation, ships' anchors catch in them, and the action of waves and tidal currents sometimes wear through a cable resting on a jagged rock. In the deep sea strange things also happen. Once a shark's tooth was found embedded in the insulation; another time a whale was found tangled up in a cable, and his struggles had parted it. Sometimes a sunken ship rests on a cable and wears through it after a few years. The U-boats were responsible for such failures. There is also on record a failure which it is believed was caused by an earthquake or volcanic disturbance on the floor of the ocean.

When a cable fails, the point of failure has to be located, and the cable must be pulled up onto the deck of a ship for repairs. A failure means that, for some reason or other, the water has penetrated the insulation. It may be only a pin-point or it may be a definite parting. At any rate, hunting for a needle in a haystack would seem like child's play compared to locating a fault in the insulation of a cable 2,700 miles long on the bottom of the ocean. Fortunately, the electrical men are clever fellows, even if they admit it, and they know how to measure the electrical resistance up to the break; and, electrical resistance being directly proportional to the length of the conductor, it is an easy matter to say that the break is so many miles from one shore or the other. Looking this up on the chart made while the cable was being laid, it is not difficult to determine the approximate latitude, longitude, and depth of the break and send out a repair ship of proper size to grapple for it. Sometimes this goes very smoothly, and sometimes with great difficulty. Sometimes even when laying a new cable it is necessary to cut loose and run before a storm for safety. In such circumstances the loose end is made fast to a buoy, always in readiness, which is cast overboard, to be picked up again when the storm has passed.

Submarine cable laying and maintenance is one of those jobs which a man grows up in. It is highly specialized, but it is also distinctly a seafaring calling. That it has its thrills and fascination is shown by the length of time some of the men have been at it. If a man is not something of a sailor and has not a good head for practical mechanics, he will be no good. He will either get killed himself or kill some one else in a short time. Most of those one sees about these ships are of that fair-complexioned, bronzed, bony type with keen eyes which one would naturally expect British and Scandinavian seamen to be.



Coiling a Submarine Cable in the Tank of a Cable Ship

The cable comes in at the top, and is smoothly and evenly coiled around the central cone. If the cable does not go in properly, it will not come out without dangerous kinks and a troublesome tendency to twist. The tank shown here is on the cable ship Colonia, which laid the new cable from New York to Horta, and is capable of holding 1,000 sea miles of deep-sea cable about one inch in diameter. There are four such tanks on the Colonia

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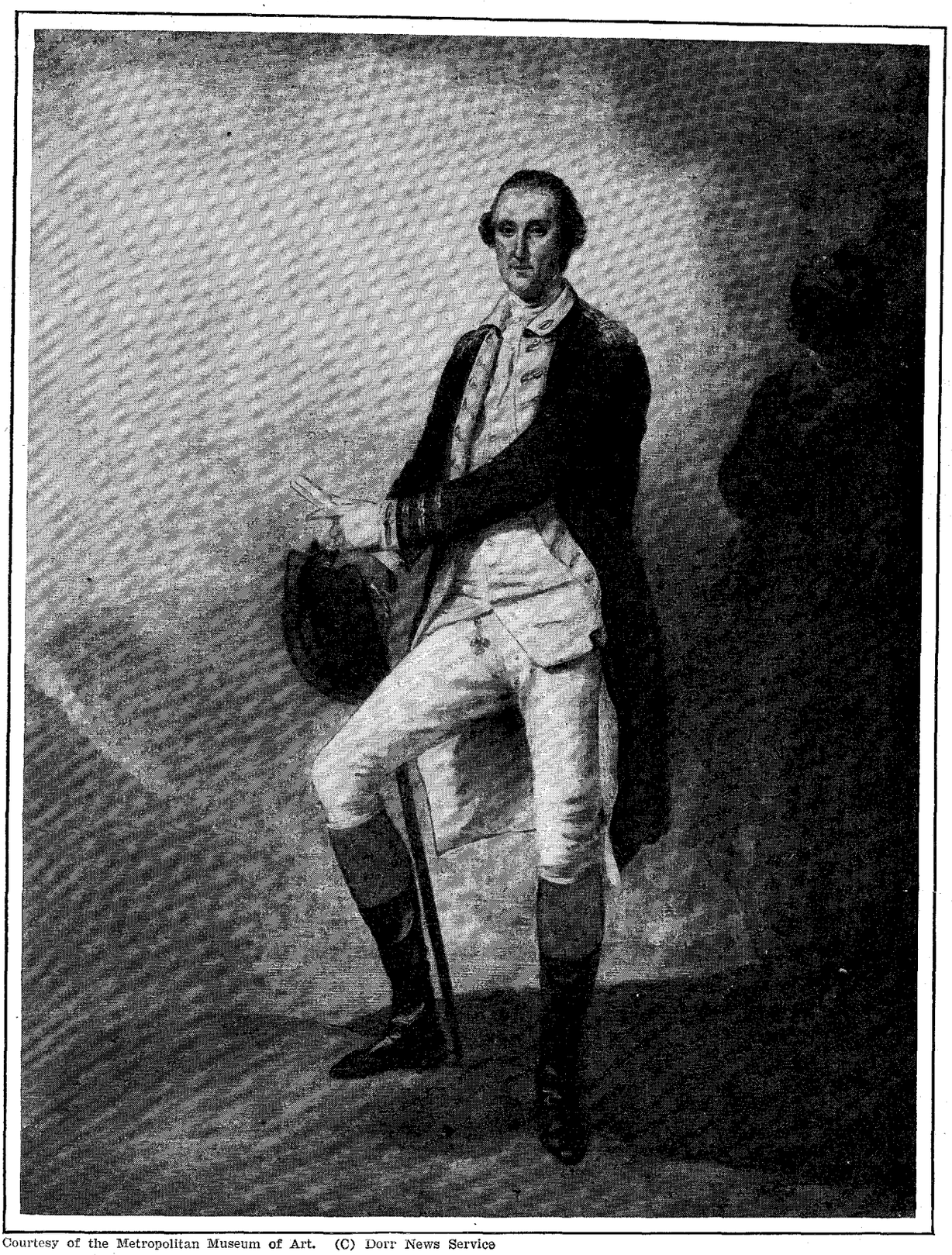
George Washington

February 22, 1732—December 14, 1799



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. (C) Dorr News Service

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, has recently acquired this portrait of the Father of His Country by the distinguished American painter, John Trumbull

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Illusions and the Thrifty French

By NATALIE DE BOGORY

If you had to sum up French life in one word, what would you choose? Miss De Bogory says that economy is that word, and she tells how and why she reached that conclusion

PARIS is not really a city. It is a mood. It gets into the blood. It is like a person; one learns to love and admire it. It is the city of infinite elegance, wide avenues, trees, sublime Gothic churches, quaint old houses, where the simplest folk react to beauty. In Paris people really live.

I have seen most of the capitals of Europe—London, Berlin, Vienna; I have stood before the blinding lacery of the Milan Cathedral. But every time my train was turned to Paris a keen expectation gripped me. It was as though I were speeding to a rendezvous. And I was never disappointed.

What is it that makes so many of us love Paris? It cannot be the queer old winding streets, for these belong to most old cities. It cannot even be the beauty and majesty of Notre Dame. It is something else. Perhaps the sunset behind the Arc de Triomphe as one goes up the broad Avenue des Champs Elysées, or the blue mist over the Seine with its many dainty bridges. Gradually, however, as one becomes detached from external Paris, the truth flashes that architects could not alone create the mood. It is the French people who make Paris what it is.

In the whitewashed room of a café in the Montparnasse section of Paris, bare except for a few pictures by a young artist, with glaring electric lights, the poets of France gathered once a week for a literary feast. Criticisms and appreciations were read, some professional would sing; the evenings were so popular that there was no standing room. The owner of the café was a white-haired, red-faced, extremely rounded woman of Dickensian appearance.

"These evenings are a great pleasure," she confided to me one evening over her bar. "It has always been my idea to have a literary center, but only for real writers. It raises one's thoughts above the common, there is inspiration," and she launched into a voluble appreciation of the poet who had just been read. Very much later, when a dozen of the "select" alone were left, Madame contributed champagne from her cellar; she knew that poets could not afford to pay for it. And, with arms akimbo, she added humor and jollity to the assembly.

And yet she had spent her life behind a bar. However, she was a Frenchwoman.

Most nations are fairly easy to understand; the people present well-defined characteristics, their lives are comprehensible. But this is not applicable to the French. With their gayety, their apparent love of street life, they manage effectively to hide their inner lives. The thought has come to me that there must be a strong anti-French propaganda responsible for much of our "information" on French character, for I cannot otherwise explain the obvious discrepancy between what we are taught and what I am gradually beginning to discover—true, with much difficulty. For the French are difficult to know.

Horses or Humans

"THEY are so utterly cruel to animals," has been one of the current complaints I have heard from sentimental American women.

And it is true that they often load their horses out of all proportion and whip them persistently without much regard for their efforts. But Paris is the only city in which I have seen the following notice in the underground railway, corresponding to the New York subway:

"Please remember that the numbered seats are reserved for the wounded at the war."

And another little notice:

"This seat reserved for the employee."

And in every carriage a certain number of seats have numbers. Moreover, the wounded travel on all lines at reduced rates, and a blind man pays nothing for the person accompanying him. In Berlin on every train there is a special carriage for masters with their dogs, that they may travel together, and in New York to whip a horse spells trouble. But it took the "cruel" Frenchman to have a kind thought for the defenders of the country.

But what is most difficult to grasp is the Parisian attitude towards the home. We have all been assured that the French—which means the Parisian—has no home life, that the family spends its time in the cafés. True, these are all crowded in the evenings; the little round tables on the sidewalk are charming, and in winter with a glowing stove in their midst and a hot drink before one they offer an hour's wonderful relaxation. In the evenings an orchestra plays; people meet their friends; man and wife spend a few hours; lovers steal away for the *tête-à-tête,* and nobody even notices the discreetly stolen kiss. But this does not mean that the homes are not charming and well kept. Quite the contrary, since the French imbue everything they touch with an elegance all their own.

"How can you explain the French character?" I asked a friend, a Parisian professional man, intellectual and with an astounding fund of information, an ideal drawing-room conversationalist and a serious man of science.

"We are," he hesitated, seeking the right word, which to the precise French mind is so essential, "we are economical," he finally said.

And I think this one word explains better than anything else some of the basic characteristics of the French.

"We are economical—which is synonymous with restrained—in our friendships," he continued; "we make few friends, but we keep those we have. Our homes are carefully guarded, and we invite to them with great circumspection; only the most intimate friends can enter. We have few children, but those we have receive lavish care. In short, in everything, as well as in money, which we spend very carefully, we permit no excesses."

As he spoke there rose before me the Punch and Judy Show under the trees of the Champs Elysées, where gather every day the most beautiful children I have ever seen, healthy and gay, with their hoops and balls, and yet so utterly well bred. And this applies not alone to the better-class children, for the child of the poor shows the same extreme care and appreciation on the part of the parents.

"The French cannot be accused of a lack of family life," another friend, a professional woman, remarked to me; "quite the contrary. The French are too *bourgeois,* too fond of the home circle, and inclined to regard it as the center of the universe and to guard it as such."

Brief examination of the attitude

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towards women gives the same rather astonishingly opposite result to what we have been carefully taught. A woman in France is regarded as a human being; she is expected to share not only in the pleasures but also in the failures of her husband. It is frequent to find man and wife working together in their business, and this is true not only of the small business man, but even of the big one. The wife is a partner, a point of view very foreign to the American idea that a man gives all the money he earns to his wife and keeps her away from his office, while she squanders it. Perhaps it is this sense of partnership which has prevented any violent feminist movement. Perhaps women have fewer complexes; there are not the hundreds of spinsters, as in England, doomed to a lonely life for actual lack of marriageable men.

Looking Facts in the Face

It is a French characteristic to meet problems squarely, to recognize their existence and remedy them where possible. In the subway the number of standees is clearly stated; there is no pretense that every passenger gets a seat. On surface lines at every stopping point, and these are clearly marked, there is hung a bunch of numbered tickets, one of which each passenger tears off. The conductor thus lets on only the number of passengers for whom there is room according to their numbers—and there is no scrambling nor argument possible—and everybody has a seat. During the working hours of travel tickets are sold at reduced rates—to make it easier for the mass of working people. The carrying of market-baskets and big packages is definitely regulated (even their odor is taken into consideration), thus avoiding argument; not more than a certain number of passengers are admitted on a subway platform, eliminating overcrowding and accidents; people are expected to open and close the train doors themselves. It is assumed that they have sufficient intelligence not to wish to commit suicide. In the moving-picture houses there is a notice that big dogs are not permitted, because it is known that little ones are invariably carried around by their mistresses, who would hate to be separated from them. And if a story can be told in the smoking-room or at the sewing circle it can be told anywhere and even printed. And, since there are no forbidden subjects, everything is treated in a simple and matter-of-fact way and there is no special rush and no breathless interest to read spicy literature. Such scenes as I have witnessed in New York, when groups gathered to read aloud the latest volume of prurient literature, issued by subscription for a fabulous sum, are impossible in Paris. Nobody is especially interested in such things.

The economy of impulse and of action among the French is responsible in some measure for their extraordinary breadth of mind and tolerance. There is an intense love of personal liberty and an ingrained belief in the right of every individual to his own ideas. Every Frenchman minds his own business, and he expects nobody to interfere with his. Personal freedom is practically a cult—the freedom to do and think as one sees fit.

"We feel," my professional friend explained, "that no real talent can be possible unless the individual is permitted the full right to his own eccentricities and experiences. It is only thus that the human being can learn. We believe in the reign of reason, the conquest of the brain, and we would never permit law to regulate our lives as it does, for example, in America."

French Tolerance

For this reason talent flourishes in Paris; the wildest outburst is recognized as a person's right. And this broad tolerance is proved by many other external indices. For example, among university students the existence of fraternities is almost universal; they exist in every country, and in Germany the animosity between the fraternities is so intense as often to end in battles. The Germans know how to hate. In Paris there are no fraternities at all, the students just form one organization. The only explanation I can offer for this phenomenon is that the French mind is too universal, too broad to fit into the small group, and altogether too tolerant to develop any local rivalry or hatred. The French students act as a unity and as Frenchmen, not as one or other small group within the body of students.

The same is true of politics. The trouble with Germany has had a reaction in France; conditions are much more difficult for business, the cost of living has risen about twenty per cent in the last year—in short, the French are suffering. But one does not hear words of hatred against the Germans. Only a few nights ago, at a concert, half of the programme was sung in German and the audience was just as warm and just as enthusiastic. I hear German spoken in the crowds, and apparently nobody takes any notice.

When I was last in Germany, my French-sounding name raised questions; to speak French in a restaurant entailed questioning on the part of waiters: they refused to wait on a French person. And on one occasion on a dance floor an individual attempted to insult my partner and myself because he heard us speaking French. French music was barred from the concert platform. What this hatred has risen to now I can scarcely imagine. And yet I fail to see that the French are solely responsible for the present situation in Germany; but the German mind is circumscribed.

This mental broadness of the French can perhaps be explained geographically. The French are not a solely insular people, like the English; nor continental, like the Germans. They present a mixture of the two, which has given them a double nature and a larger horizon.

It is difficult, if not quite impossible, to hypnotize a French mind and thus "put something over" on it. The sense of intelligent criticism is too general, the brain is too developed as well as the sense of humor. I saw the difference between the standardized American mind and this individualistic French one most strikingly in a motion-picture theater. An American film was being shown, which I had seen in New York in a first-class local theater, catering to a definitely intelligent neighborhood audience. The film was extraordinarily stupid and impossible, but the American audience swallowed it quietly. Not so the French. This was in a big motion-picture house on the Champs Elysées, where the audience was mixed and in no sense a picked one. As the picture progressed laughter rose in different parts of the house; at the absurd end there was a loud ripple of mirth; people laughed gayly, and one man's voice behind me said:

Pulling the World's Leg

"*Quand même, c'est se ficher du monde!*" But as he laughed after the words, apparently the insult was not a deep-felt one.

And some of the greatest beauties of Paris are just as hidden as the French character; behind the apparently conventional house fronts there open out old-world gardens which make one feel the country—far removed from the noisy city, which is in reality only a step away. Fourteenth-century houses with beautiful ironwork and low-arched doors mingle with the more ornate seventeenth-century ones. And from out this atmosphere of history and tradition there has grown a people of intense culture and deep humanness—a people with many faults. But, since so much of the world sees nothing but these, I chose to pick out that which it has taken time and sympathy to discover, for it has made Paris—that living day-dream for many of us.

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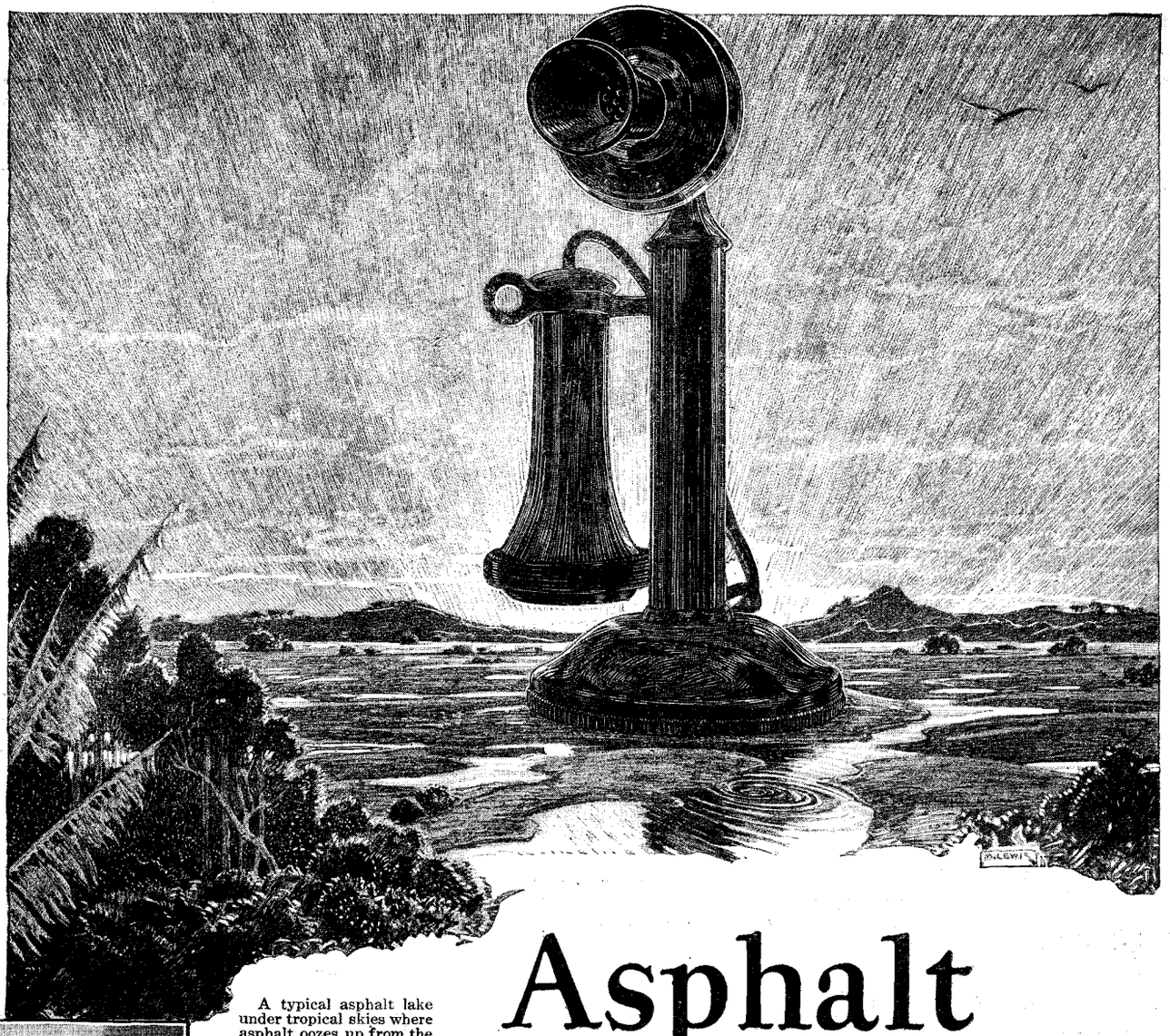
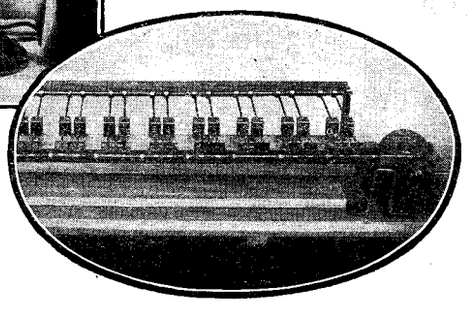


A typical asphalt lake under tropical skies where asphalt oozes up from the depths of the earth. In the United States asphalt is produced in the refining of petroleum.



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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Southern Folk-Songs

A Review by EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

THIS interesting collection[1] contains no less than 185 songs and ballads, most of them appearing in a number of different versions. All of them have been gathered within the State of West Virginia, but a majority of them have been recorded in other States as well and must be counted a common inheritance of the stocks that first settled this country. Well-known old English and Scottish ballads have here their American counterparts, sometimes almost unchanged, as in the case of the stately and melodious "Lord Randal," and at other times localized, as when the English "Botany Bay" here becomes "The Boston Burglar:"

I was born in Boston, a city you all know well,
Brought up by honest parents, the truth to you I'll tell;
Brought up by honest parents, and reared most tenderly,
Till I became a sporting man, at the age of twenty-three.

My character was taken, and I was sent to jail,
My friends thought it was in vain to get me out on bail;
The jury proved me guilty, the clerk he wrote it down,
The judge he passed my sentence: it was off for Charles Town.

The genuine native product is not missing, however, and one of the finest specimens of this kind is the "Vance Song," ascribed to a Baptist preacher, Abner Vance, who killed a man who had seduced one of his daughters, and who was hanged for it at Abingdon, Virginia, about a century ago:

Green are the woods where Sandy flows,
Peace it dwelleth there,
Secure the red buck roams the woods,
In the valley lies the bear.

Sandy no more will Vance behold,
Nor drink of its crystal waves,
The partial judge pronounced his doom;
The hunter has found his grave.

* * * * *

I killed the man, I do not deny,
But he threatened to kill me first,
And for this I am condemned to die,
The jury all agreed.

* * * * *

Bright shines the sun on Clinch's hill,
So soft the west wind blows,
The valleys are covered all over with bloom,
Perfumed with the red rose.

Sandy no more will Vance behold,
Nor smell of its sweet perfume;
This day his eyes will close in death,
His body confined in the tomb.

Another type is found in "The Wreck on the C. & O.," paralleled in the adjoining mountains of North Carolina under the name of "The Wreck of the Ninety-Seven," which is of quite recent origin and definitely traceable to an event occurring in the locality where it first arose, yet of unknown authorship. Still others go farther abroad than the British Isles and suggest a common northern root. Of this, the most interesting type of all, may be mentioned "Father Grumble," here given in seven different versions, all going back to the Scottish ballad of "John Grumlie." But when you examine the various texts you find that they correspond in all essentials to an old Norwegian folk-tale, "The Man Who Was to Do the Housework," which is included in the collection made by Asbjörnsen and Moe. The Norwegian tale has more details and is more humorous in tone and spirit, but the gist of it is in the American ballad:

•

There was an old man who lived in the woods,
As you shall plainly see,
Who thought he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.

"With all my heart!" the good dame said,
"And if you will allow,
You shall stay at home to-day,
And I'll go follow the plow."

* * * * *

The old woman took the stick in her hand
And went to follow the plow;
And the old man took the pail on his head
And went to milk the cow.

But Tiny she winked, and Tiny she blinked,
And Tiny she tossed her nose;
And Tiny she gave him a kick on the shins
Till the blood ran down to his toes.

* * * * *

And when the old woman came home at night,
He said he could plainly see
That his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in three.

Such ballad collections are laudable in every respect, and similar work should be pushed as much as possible before it is too late. The leveling forces of our machine-made civilization are hard at it, and soon the old fiddlers and ballad singers of the South will all be gone. When, however, all has been gathered that is still to be found, then begins the real work of comparative study of origins and development. For this study Professor Cox's collection is merely raw material, but of such crucial importance that without it the more difficult work is unthinkable.

[1] Folk-Songs of the South. Collected under the auspices of the West Virginia Folk-Lore Society and edited by John Harrington Cox. Harvard University Press, Cambridge. $5.

The New Books

FICTION

ORPHAN ISLAND. By Rose Macaulay. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

In writing this lively and acute satire Miss Macaulay, we feel sure, thoroughly enjoyed herself; her faithful readers have discovered long before now that no sport appeals to her as completely as that of hurling darts at Victorian ideals and conventions. In "Orphan Island" more than in any of her other books she is able to enjoy this diversion to the full.

Some forty foundlings of both sexes under the charge of the eminently correct and British Miss Charlotte Smith, together with a Scotch maid and a ginger-whiskered Irish ship's doctor with a partiality for the bottle, are cast away in 1855 upon an uncharted island of the Pacific, where they and their descendants remain marooned for nearly seventy years. They are not discovered until 1923, and they have become in the meantime a miniature England—with a few non-essential South Sea variations—persistently Victorian under the dominance of Miss Smith, who indeed, becoming slightly confused in her mind at the age of ninety-eight, finally believes herself to be actually the "dear Queen" of her early devotion, and even exceeds that resolute lady in autocracy. Rigid class distinctions prevail. The descendants of Miss Smith, who has resumed her maiden name after an unfortunate matrimonial experience with the bibulous doctor was fortunately terminated by a

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shark, form the aristocracy; those of the orphans, the lower orders. Behavior that is correct is "Smith;" that which is dubious is "not quite Smith;" that which is common or vulgar is "Orphan." Side-whiskers are fashionable among the gentlemen; parents rule their children with a rod of iron; voices are dropped and young girls sent out of the room when the possible advent of an infant is mentioned. There are bitter religious dissensions, aggravated by the temporary sojourn of a shipwrecked Papistical missionary who had time to stir up trouble before the timely relapse of the two converted cannibal blacks who accompanied him has a fatal termination for their master.

Against this background, lest a too constant play of mischievous mockery should weary, Miss Macaulay has projected the ingenuous nineteen-year-old daughter of the rescuing investigator, a Cambridge don. Young Rosamond (the dreaming girl in love, as some girls truly are, not with love, but with the romance of adventure; and more especially in this case with islands—Pacific islands—coral, pearl, and bird-of-paradise islands) moves through the scene in a daze of happiness at once amusing and appealing, and is a wholly charming figure.

Of the interesting events which ensue upon the visit of the would-be rescuers we say nothing. Things happen, and rapidly, and always to the edification and delight of the reader. "Orphan Island" is a spot most certainly not to be neglected in the season's literary itinerary.

VAL SINESTRA. By Martha Morton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

An ambitious novel concerned primarily with two strongly contrasted men and the woman they both love. She is a beautiful, passionate, and neurotic creature of Spanish-Hebrew descent, and these antagonistic strains of blood and the opposite influences of the two religions, Jewish and Catholic, upon Julie and her son play an important part in the development of character and situation. The book is often highly dramatic, and no one could foresee the manner in which the tangle, spiritual and material, in which its leading figures have become involved reaches a final solution. If judged upon the high plane upon which it evidently strives to move, the novel falls short of success; it is nevertheless interesting and far from commonplace.

STACEY. By Alexander Black. The Bobbs, Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.

There are good character values here and the substance of a strong novel. But we can't like the way it is told—

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machine-gun fashion, with four, five, or six word sentences popping at you as badly as in the first part of Hutchinson's "This Freedom." Moreover, one doesn't care for any of the people unless we except Stacey himself—"a typical hurriedly hatched American," says Harker—the mysterious, deep-hearted, inexpressive Harker. Stacey is deplorable, but he is human. Yes, we do like him. But we don't like any of the girls, not at all because their morals are or have been on the bias, but just because they aren't likable. A queer book, not shallow in its psychology, but alternately attractive and repelling.

MULTITUDE AND SOLITUDE. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

This is a reissue of one of Masefield's early stories. It is of special interest just now as affording a contrast with his extremely popular "Sard Harker." The older book is more subjective, more quietly conceived and written, but has vivid realism in certain episodes, particularly in that relating to the sleeping-sickness in Africa.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

MODERN TURKEY: By Eliot Grinnell Mears. The Macmillan Company, New York. $6.

The sub-title is "A Politico-Economic Interpretation, 1908–1923 Inclusive, with Selected Chapters by Representative Authorities."

The author is known to the public for his valuable services as American Trade Commissioner at Athens and again at Constantinople. The book is encyclopædic and authoritative. About two-fifths of the original matter is contributed by Mr. Mears, the rest by able collaborators. Almost every department of the subject is admirably treated. The reader is advised to chuck overboard his miscellaneous cargo of misinformation about Turkey and reload from this book. Reprints of documents not readily accessible elsewhere are appended.

THE FAITH OF A LIBERAL. By Nicholas Murray Butler. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Twenty-two essays and addresses on political principles and public policies by the President of Columbia University, including the famous "Prohibition is Now a Moral Issue." President Butler is a true liberal in the tradition of James Stuart Mill, and the principles of true liberalism (happily defined in the Introduction to this book) have had few advocates so able or eloquent since the death of that great philosopher. Dr. Butler is the champion of the reserved rights and liberties of the individual citizen as defined in our Bill of Rights. Many will detest him as such, but none will deny his prowess. The book is a valuable contribution to current political discussion.

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THE FREEMAN BOOK: TYPICAL EDITORIALS, ESSAYS, CRITIQUES, AND OTHER SELECTIONS FROM THE EIGHT VOLUMES OF THE FREEMAN, 1920–1924. B. W. Huebsch, New York. $3.

This volume adequately presents, if not finely distills, the substance of the "Freeman." Out of the first after-war reaction the "Freeman" rose, and passed, having fulfilled its office. Its editors and sponsors were of those who had violently resented the war, whether as individualists or internationalists or simply chronic resenters, and who had been vigorously snubbed and repressed during the war. Now the bars were down; now was their chance to tell the world. So they did. They were passionately honest, and they were experts in the art of presentation. No better "writing" has been done in American journalism than the writing we find in this volume. If its matter sounds already slightly out of date, that is the penalty of its recent brand-newness.

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Nothing is so quaint as yesterday's latest thing. The "Freeman" held that capital is a crime, that landlordism is the arch-villain of civilization, that politics should be abolished in favor of some mystical economic machine which, once started, would move forever of itself. The "Freeman" believed that patriotism is a disease, and that Russia was the only safe and happy country in after-war Europe.

And all these convictions it uttered with an air of passionate reasonableness, with a lettered grace, rare in our time and land. When the "Nation," with some unction, greeted it as an accession to "the field of liberal journalism," the "Freeman" rejected the proffered hand of fellowship with infinite courtesy—and relish. The "Freeman" was not liberal; it was not come to be a rival of the "Nation" and the "New Republic." It was radical. Its place was "in the virgin field, or better, the long-neglected and fallow field, of American radicalism; its special constituency, if it ever has any, will be what it can find in that field." How large or loyal that constituency may have proved we can only surmise. The "Freeman" passed; and this is its sufficient monument.

DRAMA

REPRESENTATIVE PLAYS BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES. Edited, with Historical, Biographical, and Critical Introductions, by Clayton Hamilton. 4 vols. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $10.

Mr. Hamilton links Pinero and Jones as "the leaders of the Renascence of the English Drama." For many years their work, so successful on the stage, was printed only in paper prompt copies. Therefore many people inferred that these plays must be of less literary merit than the plays of Galsworthy, Shaw, and Barrie, which came out duly bound in cloth. To set this right, Mr. Hamilton a few years ago edited a collection of Pinero's best plays; he now performs the same service for Jones. Out of some sixty plays he chooses (with the aid of their author) sixteen, four to each volume, as best representative of all periods and phases of the playwright's achievement. The result is extraordinarily interesting for any intelligent modern playgoer. In his general Preface and his several Introductions Mr. Hamilton really presents a study of the whole period which has seen the steady rise of the English drama out of the feeble estate into which it had fallen and floundered during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

But he also presents Henry Arthur Jones as the strongest pioneer of this revival, as its most independent playwright, its most active pamphleteer, its

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most spontaneous story-teller, and its greatest master of pure comedy. His humor is shown to be not a matter of clever "lines" as with Shaw, or of delicate whimsy as with Barrie, but a pervading quality belonging to his characters and situations. This collection traces graphically the progress of our modern English drama, with Jones, from melodrama like "The Silver King" to the free comedy of "The Liars," a play which is more likely than any other of our time to go down to the future with the comedies of Goldsmith and Sheridan —those sole assured masterpieces of three centuries of English drama.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

THE PEOPLE OF THE PHILIPPINES; THEIR RELIGIOUS PROGRESS AND PREPARATION FOR SPIRITUAL LEADERSHIP IN THE FAR EAST. By Frank Charles Laubach, Ph.D. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.50.

The author poses the question, "What may the Filipino people become if they give God a perfect chance?" By "giving God a perfect chance," the author apparently means "becoming evangelical Christians." So becoming, they should, thinks Dr. Laubach, achieve the spiritual leadership of the Far East, perhaps of the world. He tells the story of the progress of the Filipino "Reformation" during the last twenty-five years.

This reviewer, who has lived in the Philippines, feels constrained to say that, in his opinion, Dr. Laubach's estimate of Filipino ability and character is exaggerative; that the author's zeal and optimism considerably exceed his judgment.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

BORNEO: STEALER OF HEARTS. By Oscar Cook. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

The author describes an experience of eight years in Borneo as a district officer in the Civil Service of British North Borneo, a British protectorate of 30,000 square miles at the northern corner of Borneo, owned and administered (except as to foreign relations) by the North Borneo Company. Borneo suggests to most of us little more than a fat-looking East Indian island, the scene of the exploits of one of the most picturesque heroes of modern times, namely, Rajah Brooke, and the native country of Barnum's Wild Man. It is, however, an important island, very rich in minerals, oil, and flora, and Mr. Cook's descriptions of the country and people justify the sub-title of "Stealer of Hearts." The book has gusto, "go," and humor, gives a clear notion of the activities of the official on and off duty, and abounds in excellent description of varied sort—of native and imported human types, of scenery, costumes, etc.

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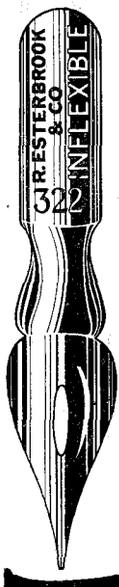

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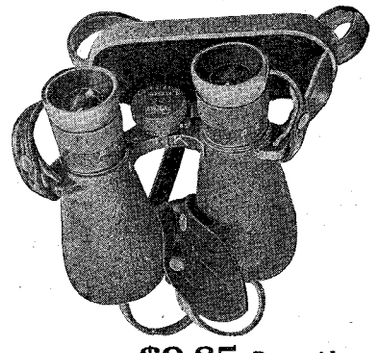

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By the Way

THE foolishness of dueling was never more aptly illustrated than in the correspondence between Webster and Randolph, as quoted in Gamaliel Bradford's book "Damaged Souls." Randolph had sent a challenge to Webster, who replied in a crushing note: "It is enough that I do not feel myself bound at all times and under any circumstances to accept from any man, who shall choose to risk his own life, an invitation of this sort; although I shall always be prepared to repel in a suitable manner the aggression of any man who may presume upon such a refusal." After the affair was patched up, Webster asked Randolph for a copy of this note, and Randolph sent it, expressing his regret that he could not have breakfasted with Webster that morning!

From "Life:"

One-half of the world doesn't know how the other half can see anything funny in what it laughs at.

A sympathetic strike which for twelve years had prevented the Bangor and Aroostook from operating its trains over the tracks of the Maine Central Railroad was declared at an end on January 1, according to the "Railway Age." When 150 enginemen and trainmen on the Bangor and Aroostook went out on strike in 1912, the Maine Central train and enginemen refused to handle the connecting line trains. This ban had been rigidly enforced until January 1.

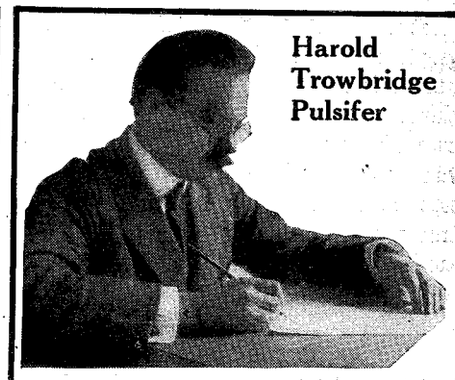
An epicure dining at Crewe
Found quite a fat mouse in his stew;
Said the waiter: "Don't shout,
Nor wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one, too!"

From the New York "Evening Telegram:"

America's farthest north newspaper, the "Pioneer Scout" of Teller, Alaska, suspended publication recently when its publisher, editor, composing-room force, pressman, advertising and circulation manager and reporter left for Seattle to complete a high school education.

Walter J. Marx, seventeen, held all these positions. The paper was started four years ago, was issued weekly, and had the majority of its sixty subscribers in Nome. Teller is on the Seward Peninsula, northwest of Nome.

Horn-rimmed glasses seem to be driving out the monocle in England. Says the London "Sphere:" "It is a signpost of our age that nowadays a monocle means little that is distinctive in the make-up of a statesman, whereas specta-



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CHRISTIAN man for director of boys' camp near New York. State particulars concerning age, education, and experience. 5,774, Outlook.

CONGENIAL Christian couple for gardening, care of heaters, and handy work. Apartment with conveniences in the country with moderate salary. 5,762, Outlook.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

CAPABLE woman desires a responsible position either in an institution or club house. Will supply. Episcopalian. 5,760, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, 24 years age, desires travel Europe this summer with older woman who wishes young companionship. Expenses and small remuneration necessary. References exchanged. 5,765, Outlook.

COLLEGE SOPHOMORE desires position as councilor in select boys' camp. Considerable experience, excellent references. 5,770, Outlook.

COMPANION—Woman of refinement, education. Traveled. 5,757, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman as companion or governess, wishes position for four summer months. Travel, home or abroad. References. Miss Jane Wilson, Mountain Lakes, N. J.

EDUCATED young woman desires position as companion. Willing to travel. References. 5,763, Outlook.

GOVERNESS—Nursery, entire charge physical, mental. Successful tutor. English, German, Spanish, little French. Experienced traveler, excellent references. Christian home only. Motherless or delicate children considered. Good salary desired. 5,759, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER-companion. Lady, educated, refined, adaptable; gentleman's home with servants. Suburban New York or Philadelphia. $80. Credentials. 5,772, Outlook.

LADY, experienced, would like position as companion. Capable looking after detail of a home. Well traveled. References. Address 5,773, Outlook.

TUTOR—Theological student, Princeton University graduate, experienced in tutoring, desires position as tutor or companion with party going abroad this summer. References. Address 5,758, Outlook.

WOMAN of social and executive experience desires position as director of household in private home or educational institution, or as chaperon in private school. Address P. E. H., 1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

cles of horn or tortoise-shell often add to his political weight. Gold rims and pince-nez are quite demoded. Many women also acquire through the color of tortoise-shell spectacles the added asset of mystery. By their help the most vapid of flibbertigibbits can pretend to depths of understanding that are not there."

Here is a little skit which will delight cross-word puzzlers. The blank in each case is a word of four letters and the same four letters spell each word:

Landlord, fill the flowing ——
Until the —— run over
And we will —— upon the ——
Until we —— to Dover.

From the Louisville "Courier-Journal:"
"How can we boost economy week?"
"Get up a pageant."

Travelers Along the Way

By Bill Adams

Blue Monday!

The kid's gone back to school.

Two old folks sitting looking at one another over the breakfast dishes, and the kettle singing on the stove.

One says: "Do you suppose she's taking too hard a course? You don't reckon she'll go breaking down, do you?"

The other says: "Give a child credit for some sense. How'd you feel if we could not even educate her?"

I like to loaf about the stage depot. There is no smell of warm horses or of harness; no trample of hoofs, and never a jingle. The stage-driver is not a gruff-voiced old party with a rosy nose and a whip. There's a smell of rubber and of gasoline. A radiator steams. The stage-driver is keen-featured. You'd almost hesitate at calling him a man, youth runs into manhood so. He'll have his six-wheel stage ninety miles away before noon, and probably won't meet a dozen horses all the way.

Blue Monday; thick mist and the ground all frosty white.

One of the most interesting places in any town is the place whence folks start for other towns. One sees all sorts of people there, and wonders where they were born, and where they'll die; what they are getting out of life, what putting into it.

There were two Mexicans upon this morning's stage, and a Japanese girl with a bald brown baby. Her husband carried a pair of pruning shears. There was a fat drummer with a fat cigar, and a bluejacket, and four or five girls going back to the University, and a woman agent with her little bag of samples. There was an old man with gray hair who kissed an old lady with gray hair and said, "You mind an' tell Ethel."

"Take your seats, please, ladies and gentlemen."

Last blue Monday when we were at the stage depot and the driver said, "Take your seats," there was one passenger who couldn't take her seat—a little girl of eight or nine with a wooden leg and a wan face from which was missing some of that light that ought to be in all children's faces; so that it promptly became illegal for any one to feel blue for any one but her.

I wonder how many train and stage depots there are in the United States whence folks go traveling and young folks go to school, bidden farewell by parents whose school days are still going on, unless it be that they have let the years dismay them.

One cannot see a youngster off to school without remembering all the thrill, the eagerness, and hope, with some slight fearing, of those other school days that seem so long ago. At least, I can't, yesterday runs into to-day so. Sap running under bark and leaves that come and go are mysteries.

Life need not be too hard a course, and one need not break down nor be dismayed.

The teacher's waiting at the desk to help.

The kettle's singing on the stove. The sun's come out. Some day it will be Long Vacation time, to-day runs into to-morrow so.

It's pleasant to be a student traveler, to learn, to try to learn; to keep on seeking what one may get from life and what put into it.

"Take your seats, please, ladies and gentlemen."

Good-by—"an' you mind an' tell Ethel."

SITUATIONS WANTED

TUTORS—Two young women, college seniors, preferably in summer camp. 5,748, Outlook.

USEFUL companion or household assistant, by a refined, capable woman. 5,766, Outlook.

WANTED—Young man desires position as companion or private secretary. Experienced traveler. 5,767, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, college graduate, desires position as traveling companion. Secretarial experience. 5,769, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

AMERICAN NEGROES NEED competent leaders in business. Aid is needed to establish a chair of business administration for training competent Negro students. Address President Adams, Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga.

MISCELLANEOUS

EXPERIENCED teacher desires name of place within fifty miles New York City where needed private kindergarten and first grade next fall. 5,761, Outlook.

WANTED — Girls, by State accredited nurses' training schools. Free board, room, tuition. Cash allowance paid. For catalogs write FREE BUREAU OF ALL SCHOOLS, 1101 Times Bldg., New York.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

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